

No. 10

APRIL
MAY

IND



BATMAN

RED 11 N MAY '68

10¢



AND
I'LL
PLANT
THE ON
A BIG PLAN

2-11
COMMA

TRY IT
NORTH
FOOT

KEEN-EDGED
PILLOWS DOWN
ROBIN'S UNDER
BACK

RIGHT HERE
BATMAN
WE MOVE
THIS

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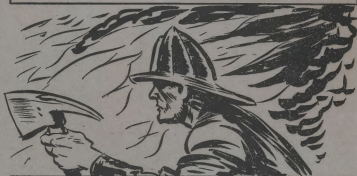
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reviewed by JOSETTE FRANK, staff advisor

Child Study Association of America



SMOKE EATER

By Howard M. Brier.

Only one thing is more exciting than a fire engine with siren screaming, thundering to a fire—and that is the fire itself, and the way the firemen fight it.

This is the story of how Stan Parker, fresh from success on his school football team, and headed for a career as a chemical engineer, changed his mind and became a fireman instead.

From his first fire as a rookie on probation, he fought his way through the flames and smoke of big fires and small ones, and won the right to be called "smoke eater".

The story is packed with thrills as Stan and his men risk their lives in burning buildings, jumping into life nets, and rescuing children trapped by flames and falling walls.

The mysterious trail of a dangerous and cunning firebug adds to the interest, for in tracking down the man who has been setting these fires, Stan proves himself almost as good a detective as he is a fireman.

The book is full of accurate information about fire-fighting, one of the most exciting jobs in the world today.

Fire-fighters are as important as soldiers in war today. Ask for this book about them at your library.

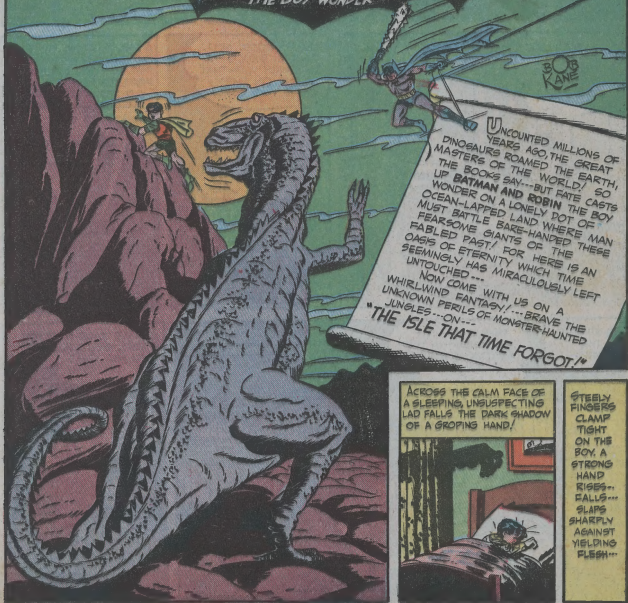
SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Jupiter No. 4)

FYC E FSRH XS FIEX XLI FYRH.

BAT MAN

WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-



UNCOUNTED MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO, THE GREAT MASTERS OF THE WORLD, SO UP BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER ON A LONELY DOT OF OCEAN-LAPPED LAND WHERE MAN MUST BATTLE BARE-HANDED THESE FEARSOME GIANTS OF THE FABLED PAST! FOR HERE IS AN OASIS OF ETERNITY WHICH TIME SEEMINGLY HAS MIRACULOUSLY LEFT UNTOUCHED... NOW COME WITH US ON A WHIRLWIND FANTASY!... BRAVE THE UNKNOWN PERILS OF MONSTER-HAUNTED JUNGLES... ON...
"THE ISLE THAT TIME FORGOT!"

ACROSS THE CALM FACE OF A SLEEPING, UNSUSPECTING LAD FALLS THE DARK SHADOW OF A GROPING HAND!



STEELY FINGERS CLAMP TIGHT ON THE BOY. A STRONG HAND RISES... CALLS... SLAPS SHARPLY AGAINST YIELDING FLESH...



OW! HEY,
CUT IT OUT!
OW! WHAT'S
THE IDEA?
OUCH...
OW!

1...2...3...
HAVE YOU
FORGOTTEN,
DICKIE?...4...
5... TCH-
TCH...6...
7...8...



OW! WHAT'RE
YOU SPANKING
ME FOR?
I DIDN'T DO
ANYTHING
BAD! OWOO!

--AND
ONE FOR
GOOD
MEASURE...
AND ONE TO
GROW!



HAPPY
BIRTHDAY,
DICK!

HUH?



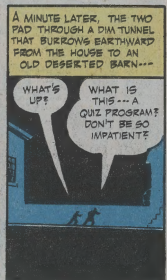
HAVE A PIECE
OF YOUR
OWN
BIRTHDAY
CAKE, DICK!

GOLLY...
GOLLY!



HMM! GOOD! YOU
KNOW, BRUCE...I
CERTAINLY WISH THAT
PLANE ON THE
CAKE WAS REAL!

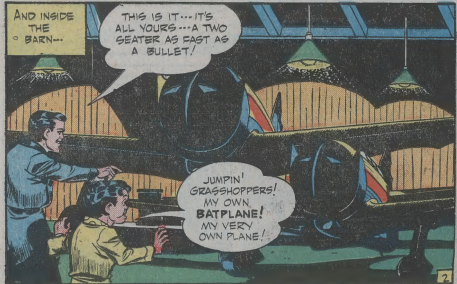
DO YOU, NOW?
WELL, THAT'S
NOT TOO FAR-
FETCHED A
THOUGHT!
COME ON!



A MINUTE LATER, THE TWO
PAD THROUGH A DIM TUNNEL
THAT BURROWS EARTHWARD
FROM THE HOUSE TO AN
OLD DESERTED BARN--

WHAT'S
UP?

WHAT IS
THIS---A
QUIZ PROGRAM?
DON'T BE SO
IMPATIENT?



AND INSIDE
THE
BARN--

THIS IS IT...IT'S
ALL YOURS---A TWO
SEATER AS FAST AS
A BULLET!

JUMPIN'
GRASSHOPPERS!
MY OWN
BATPLANE!
MY VERY
OWN PLANE!..



CAN WE TAKE IT UP FOR
A TRIAL SPIN TONIGHT?
CAN WE, HUH?

IT'S YOUR
PLANE, DICK!
YOU'RE THE
BOSS!

THAT NIGHT---THE SMALL PLANE LIFTS ITS WINGS, EAGER AS A SMALL BIRD FOR ITS FIRST FLIGHT---



AND AT ITS CONTROLS ARE NOT JUST PLAIN BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON---

---FOR COLOREFUL GARB HAS TRANSFORMED THEM INTO THAT CRIME-BUSTING TEAM--BATMAN AND ROBIN!

HOW DOES SHE HANDLE, ROBIN? (KID ISN'T EVEN LISTENING!)

BOYBOY!
MY OWN
BATPLANE!
GOLLY!



IN THE NEXT HOUR ROBIN SUBJECTS THE PLANE TO A GRUELING TEST: POWER DIVES, TURNS, SPINS---



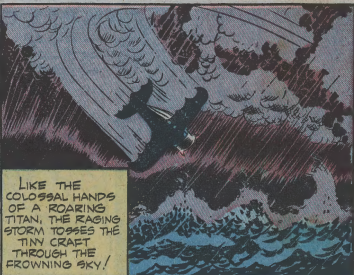
AND THEN---WITHOUT WARNING---

HUH? ITS
SHAKING
LIKE A
LEAF IN A
WIND!

WIND IS RIGHT! AND
WHAT A WIND! A
"HURRICANE HAS JUST
BROKEN LOOSE--AND
WE'RE RIGHT IN THE
MIDDLE OF IT!"



LIKE THE
COLOSSAL HANDS
OF A ROARING
TITAN, THE RAGING
STORM TOSSES THE
TINY CRAFT
THROUGH THE
CROWNING SKY!



ALL NIGHT THEY BRAVE THE INVISIBLE TERROR OF THE BUFFETING WIND!

WE'RE
CAUGHT!
NO TELLING
WHERE THIS
STORM WILL
BLOW US!

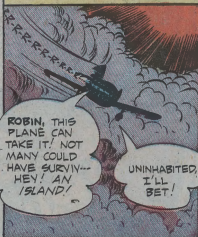
LUCKY WE
FILLED THE
RESERVE TANKS
BEFORE WE
TOOK OFF ON
THIS
JOYRIDE!



AND AT LAST THE SCARLET SUNRISE COMES--BREAKING THE STORM!

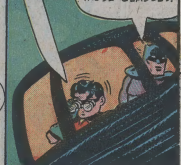
ROBIN, THIS
PLANE CAN
TAKE IT! NOT
MANY COULD
HAVE SURVIVED--
HEY! AN
ISLAND!

UNINHABITED,
I'LL
BET!



BATMAN,
PINCH
ME! I---
I THINK
I SEE A
DINOSAUR--
A DINOSAUR!

DON'T GET
GAY! YOU
KNOW AS WELL
AS I DO
DINOSAURS
LIVED A
MILLIONS
YEARS AGO!
GIVE ME
THOSE GLASSES!



AS THE BATMAN'S EYES
SWEEP THE ISLAND,
HE SEES...



I DIDN'T SEE ANY
DINOSAUR, BUT
I CERTAINLY SAW
SOME PEOPLE IN
TROUBLE! LOOKS
LIKE WE'VE FOUND
OURSELVES A CASE!

CIRCLING THE STRANGE ISLAND
WITH MOTOR SILENCED, THE
PLANE SWOOPS TOWARD A CLEAR
FIELD OUT OF SIGHT OF THE
MYSTERIOUS FIGURES ON THE BEACH!

I'M TELLING YOU
I SAW A DINOSAUR!
...OOPS!

A DINOSAUR
IN THE TWENTIETH
CENTURY! SEE
WHAT YOU GET
FOR TELLING
LIES!

BUT AS THEY PICK THEIR WAY
THROUGH THE DARK FOLIAGE,
HIDDEN MEN SURVEY THEIR PROGRESS.

I THOUGHT I RECOGNIZED
THAT PLANE! BATMAN AND ROBIN,
EH? HMM! I HAVE AN IDEA THAT
THIS TIME THEIR CURIOSITY
WILL GIVE THEM MORE THAN
THEY BARGAINED FOR!
HMM!

THIS IS
TOUGH GOING,
HOW MUCH
MORE?

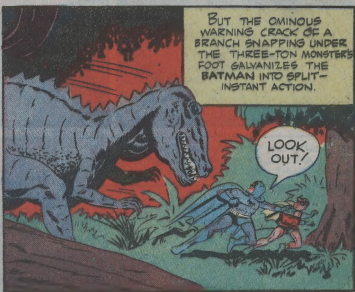
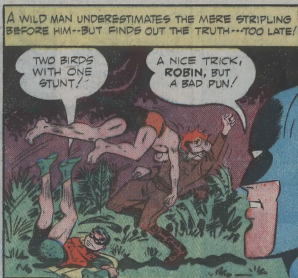
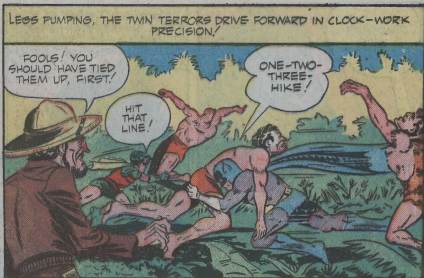
JUST A LITTLE
WAY YET,
I THINK!

THAT
DINOSAUR
WAS RE...
UH!

MANY, MANY MINUTES LATER, BATMAN AND ROBIN SHAKE
THE PDS FROM THEIR ACHING HEADS---AND SEE...

DON'T TRY TO TELL ME YOU
WERE SHIPWRECKED HERE! BAH!
YOU ALL WANT TO KILL ME---
TAKE MY ISLAND AWAY FROM
ME! YOU WANT MY GLORY!
BUT YOU WON'T HAVE IT!

I---PROFESSOR
MOLOFF...
I DISCOVERED
IT! WHEN I
HAVE FINISHED
MY BOOK, I
SHALL RETURN
TO CIVILIZATION
FOR FAME AND
RICHES. I SHALL
HAVE MADE THE
SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY
OF ALL TIME!
I WILL BE
ACCLAIMED!





I'LL MAKE MY APOLOGIES LATER! MEANWHILE, YOU DISTRACT JUMBO'S ATTENTION!



MAN AGAINST MONSTER! THE GREAT UNCHANGED STORY AS OLD AS TIME... BUT WHO WILL WRITE THE FINAL CHAPTER NOW?



THE VERY EARTH SEEMS TO TREMBLE IN AWE AS THE MOUNTAIN OF FLESH STRUGGLES TITANICALLY AGAINST THE EVER-TIGHTENING NOOSE!



BUT A GIANT CAN BE STRANGLD AS QUICKLY AS A PYGMY-- AND AT LAST THE MASSIVE HULK CRASHES TO THE GROUND LIKE A FELLEED TREE ONCE AGAIN MAN HAS WON!



NOW WE'VE FOUGHT EVERYTHING! WONDER WHAT OTHER CUTE PETS MOLOFF AND HIS UGLY CREW HAVE AROUND HERE?



IF IT
HADN'T
BEEN FOR
YOU, WE...
OH-H-H-H

EVERYTHING'S
ALL RIGHT
NOW...OH-OH!
...FAINTED!

WONDER
WHAT HE'S
UP TO?



MEDDLER!
NEXT TIME
KEEP YOUR
NOSE OUT OF
OTHER PEOPLES'
AFFAIRS!

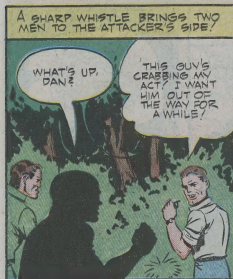
HEY!
THAT'S A
FINE WAY
TO SHOW
YOUR
GRATITUDE!

-I...
UH!



EYES FLAMING
WITH ANGER
ROBIN RUSHES
FORWARD...
BUT TRIPS
HEADLONG OVER
A SNAGGING
ROOT!

YOU
TOO
EH?



A SHARP WHISTLE BRINGS TWO
MEN TO THE ATTACKER'S SIDE!

WHAT'S UP,
DAN?

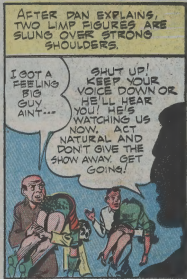
THIS GUY'S
CRABBIN' MY
ACT! I WANT
HIM OUT OF
THE WAY FOR
A WHILE!



IT'S THE
BATMAN!
BIG GUY
AIN'T GONNA
LIKE THIS!

AND NEITHER
DO I!

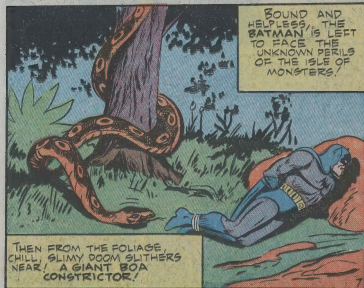
LISTEN, YOU
GUYS, HELP
ME OUT AND
ONCE WE GET
OFF THIS
ISLAND I'LL FILL
YOUR POCKETS
WITH MONEY!



AFTER DAN EXPLAINS,
TWO LIMP FIGURES ARE
SLUNG OVER STRONG
SHOULDERS.

I GOT A
FEELING
BIG
GUY
AIN'T...

SHUT UP!
KEEP YOUR
VOICE DOWN OR
HE'LL HEAR
YOU! HE'S
WATCHING US
NOW. ACT
NATURAL AND
DON'T GIVE THE
SHOW AWAY. GET
GOING!



BOUND AND
HELPLESS, THE
BATMAN IS LEFT
TO FACE
THE UNKNOWN PERILS
OF THE ISLE OF
MONSTERS!



THE BATMAN IS SHOCKED INTO INSTANT
ALERTNESS AS STEEL COILS CLAMP
TIGHT ABOUT HIM...

...COILS CAPABLE OF CRUSHING
A LION!

LOOP AFTER LOOP OF MUSCLED COILS
SQUEEZE THE BATMAN TO DEATH'S COLD
CLASP! RIBS CREAK UNDER THE TERRIBLE
PRESSURE.

(UGH) ...WONDER HOW ROBIN'S MAKING
OUT?... (UGH) ...WHAT A WAY TO DIE! ...
I'D LIKE TO SEE THE
EXPRESSION ON THE
JOKER'S FACE WHEN
HE READS MY
OBITUARY...
(UGH)



JUST WHEN DARKNESS CLOSES IN ... JUST WHEN
THE BATMAN'S HEART THREATENS TO BURST...
A RIFLE SHOT CRASHES THE SILENCE!



THE BATMAN CUTS
HIS BONDS ON A
SHARP ROCK...

HEY! COME OUT!
I WANT TO THANK
YOU! ... HOW?
THAT'S ODD!
NO ANSWER! ??



A FOOTPRINT!
SOMEBODY WAS
HERE --- SAVED
MY LIFE --- AND
DISAPPEARED!
I DON'T GET IT!!



WRITHING IN DEATH, THE BOA
CONTRACTOR SLIDES FROM THE
PAIN-WRECKED BODY IT HAD SOUGHT
TO CLAIM A VICTIM!



A SHOT...
THANKS...
WHOEVER
YOU ARE!
THANKS!

CERTAINLY MOLOFF
OR THAT OTHER FELLOW
WOULDN'T RESCUE ME!
SOMEBODY IS PLAYING MY
GUARDIAN ANGEL... BUT
WHO? THIS, MR.
BATMAN, IS A WEE BIT
MYSTERIOUS!



MEANWHILE, BEFORE A GREAT CAGE OF
WITHERS BUILT AGAINST THE MOUTH OF A
VAST CAVERN IN THE GLOOMY ISLAND DEPTHS ---

THIS THING CAN
HOLD ANIMALS, SO
IT OUGHTTA HOLD
THIS KID!

DAN... HE
MIGHT BE
TORN TO
PIECES! DON'T
YOU THINK
YOU'RE CARRYING
THIS A BIT,
TOO FAR?

DON'T BE
SILLY, DOLORES.
THIS IS ALL PART
OF THE
GAME! DO YOU REALLY
THINK I'M
A MURDERER?



YOU...
YOU'RE
SURE
HELL
BE ALL
RIGHT

OF COURSE!
HONEY, DO
YOU REALIZE
THIS ISLAND
MEANS A
FORTUNE
FOR US?
BURIED TREASURE
... THAT'S WHAT
YOU COULD CALL
IT... YES, BURIED
TREASURE... NOW...



AFTER THEY DEPART---

SOMETHING CUBER IS GOING ON HERE THAT NEEDS EXPLAINING---I WONDER WHAT HAPPENS NEXT...

AS IF IN ANSWER, A TUSKED, SHAGGY BEAST PADDS SILENTLY TOWARD THE UNSUSPECTING LAD!

FEEL LIKE STRETCHING MY---UH? A SABER-TOOTHED TIGER!

SABER-TOOTHED TIGERS WENT OUT OF STYLE IN THE STONE AGE... BUT AFTER THAT DINOSAUR I'LL BELIEVE ANYTHING NOW!

OH, OH! MY BELT SAYS IF THE BATMAN IS ALIVE, HE'LL COME. BATMAN. CAN YOU HEAR ME? A TIGER HAS ME TREADED!!!

...A TIGER HAS ME TREED!

NO, BATMAN... I DID NOT SAVE YOUR LIFE... I HAVE COME BACK TO TAKE IT! IT IS AS SIMPLE AS ALL THAT!

MY RADIO... ROBIN IN TROUBLE!

A comic book panel showing Robin running through a jungle. He is wearing his signature blue and red costume with a yellow belt. He is shouting, "OUT OF MY WAY! ROBIN NEEDS ME! OUT OF MY WAY! COMING, ROBIN...". The background is a dense jungle with large trees and foliage.

HEARTENED BY THE BATMAN'S CRY, ROBIN STRIDES BACK AT THE SNARLING MAN-KILLER!

COMING, ROBIN!

I'M WARNING YOU. YOU'D BETTER SCRAM BEFORE THE BATMAN GETS HERE!

I'M WARNING
YOU. YOU'D
BETTER SCRAM
BEFORE THE
BATMAN GETS
HERE!

LIKE A BLOODHOUND ON THE SCENT, THE BATMAN FOLLOWS THE BLIND TRAIL OF THE URSINE VOICE EMANATING FROM HIS WIRELESS.

AFTER HIM!
DON'T LET
HIM GET
AWAY!

HMM...IN THAT
CASE, I'LL GIVE
HIM SOMETHING
TO THINK ABOUT.

ARE YOU
COMING,
BATMAN?

VOICE IS
STRONG NOW!
I'VE GOT THE
TRAIL... OH-OH
MOLOFF ON
MY TRAIL
NOW!

THIS
WAY!
HE CAN'T
BE
EAR!

CAN'T...
HOLD...
OUT...
MUCH...
LONGER!

AN INSTANT LATER, A HUMAN
ANTHROPOID PARTS THROUGH
THE TREETOPS, MUSCLES
KIPPLING IN RHYTHM...
SWING AND CLUTCH...
CLUTCH AND SWING...

NOW LET MOLOFF AND HIS
MEN FOLLOW MY TRAIL!
COMING, ROBIN...
KEEP PUNCHING!

BATMAN!
WHERE
ARE YOU?

SUDDENLY A FORMIDABLE
FIGURE CRASHES THROUGH
THE RUSTIC CAGE!

ROBIN!

BATMAN!
AM I GLAD TO
SEE YOU!

MAN AND BEAST FALL HEAVILY. STEELY LEGS
LOCK ABOUT THE WRITHING TIGER.

FIRST SABER-TOOTH I'VE
EVER WRESTLED... BUT I
GUESS THERE'S A FIRST
TIME FOR EVERYTHING!

C'MON, BATMAN--
SNAP HIS
NECK!

STRONG HANDS CLAMP AROUND
POINTED TUSKS AND...

HEY! SOMETHING'S
WRONG! TEETH
AREN'T PULLED
THAT EASY!

LURCHING THROUGH
BRAMBLE, STUMBLING
OVER SNAGGING
BRUSH AND ROOTS,
SICK WITH
APPREHENSION,
THE BATMAN
FOLLOWS THE
INVISIBLE RADIO
BEAM!

SNAP!

I'M GOING IN THE WRONG
DIRECTION... ROBIN'S VOICE
...IT'S GETTING WEAKER... I'LL
TRY ANOTHER PATH.

WELL
TIGER
GETTING
OLDER...

DOWN FLASHES THE TUSK ----
BITING DEEP INTO THE TIGER'S
HEART!

AT LEAST, THIS
CERTAINLY MAKES A
FIRST-CLASS
DAGGER!

I KNEW
YOU'D
TAKE HIM!

---AND THEY
KEPT
TALKING
ABOUT THIS
"BIG GUY"
AS IF THEY
WERE
AFRAID OF
HIM!

DINOSAURS-- A PHONEY
SABER-TOOTHED TIGER...
A CRAZY PROFESSOR
WITH AN ARMY OF CAVE-
MEN... A PRETTY GIRL...
A FELLOW WHO SLUGS
US FOR SAVING HIS LIFE...
AND THIS "BIG GUY" WHO
SAVED MY LIFE! IT'S A
PUZZLE -- THE STRANGEST
PUZZLE I'VE EVER ENCOUNTERED!

THE DUO ESCAPES
FROM THE
MAKESHIFT
CAGE...

AND NOTICE...THESE
FERNS AND TREES ARE
CERTAINLY NOT OF THE
MESOZOIC PERIOD OF
THE DINOSAUR!
HMM!

C'MON,
WHY DON'T
WE FIND
THE KEY TO
THIS RIDDLE
RIGHT NOW?
I -- SAY --
I HEAR
VOICES!

FROM THE BROW OF A CLIFF, THE DYNAMIC
DUO SEES A CURIOUS SCENE BELOW.

THE BATMAN WILL
NEVER FIND YOU HERE!
THIS TIME I HAVE YOU!
HA! HA!

SO HE THINKS!
ROBIN, YOU
SLIP AROUND
AND TACKLE
THEM FROM THE
FLANK!

THE INGENIOUS CRIME-FIGHTER WHIPS DOWNWARD
IN SPECTACULAR AERIAL ASSAULT.

THE LAST
ROUND-UP, FELLAS!

THE BATMAN --
SENSATIONAL AS
USUAL, I'VE GOT
TO KILL HIM...NOW!

MEANWHILE, ROBIN, UPON
CIRCLING THE GROUP, MAKES A
STARTLING DISCOVERY:

A
MACHINE
GUN!

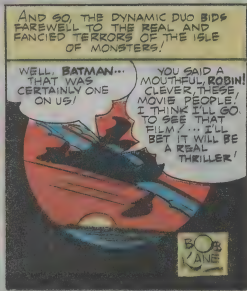
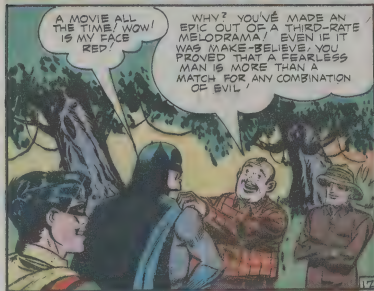
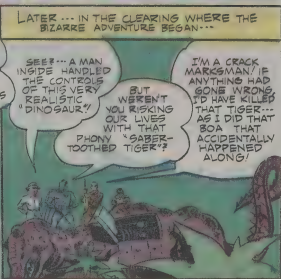
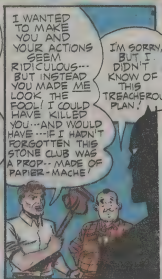
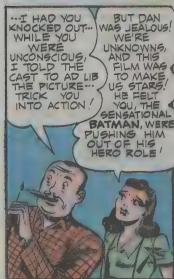
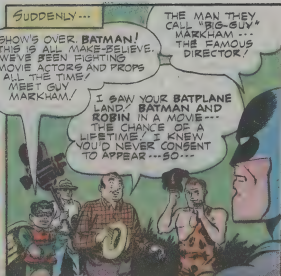
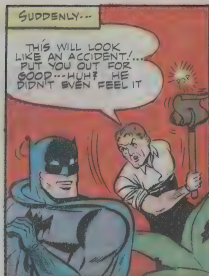
BE SURE
YOU SHOOT
THE
BATMAN!

DON'T WORRY,
BIG GUY--
I NEVER
MISS!

YOU'RE NOT GOING
TO KILL THE
BATMAN THIS DAY--
OR ANY OTHER DAY!

I'LL WRECK THIS
THING BEFORE
YOU HURT
SOMEBODY... HUH?
A MOVIE CAMERA
WITH A
TELESCOPIC
LENS!

YOU CRAZY
KID! YOU'RE
RUINING
ONE OF
THE
GREATEST
PICTURES
EVER
FILMED!



ENERGY TO MOVE A MOUNTAIN



Baby Ruth is rich in
DEXTROSE
—the sugar your body
uses directly for energy!

AS WINTER'S fury hits, highways linking the country's transportation system are blocked by whirling drifts. Day after day, giant snow-plows plunge through mountains of glistening white—clearing the way for “business as usual”—driven forward by the terrific energy generated from fuel fed their powerful engines.

Yes—it's energy that commands performance—in a snow plow—and in the human body, too. Your body

needs energy for action—and you secure your energy from fuel, too—your fuel is the food you eat.

That's why a Curtiss Baby Ruth Candy Bar is something to think about—for Baby Ruth is rich in Dextrose—sugar the body uses directly for energy. Baby Ruth is so deliciously good—so smooth and crunchy and chewy—so full of nourishment and food-energy—that you get a real treat—that's good and good for you—when you try Baby Ruth!



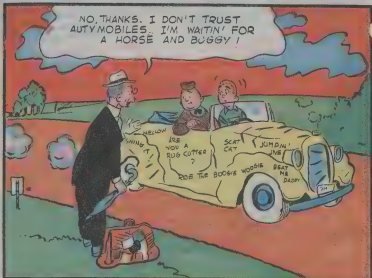
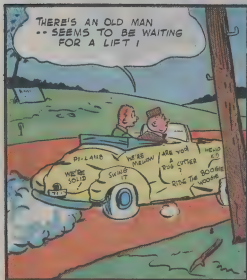
Hey, kids—
come on—try
a Baby Ruth
—it's a super
treat!

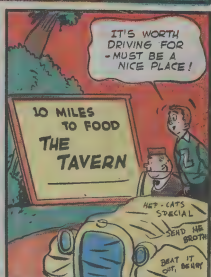


JERRY

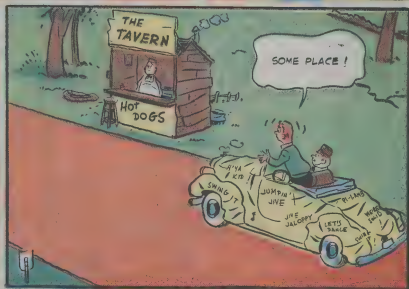
THE JITTERBUG

READY
BOOTS OFF





LATER..



BATMAN

WITH

ROBIN

The
BOY WONDER

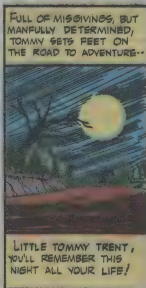
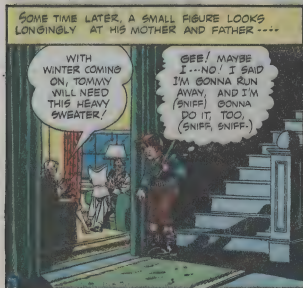
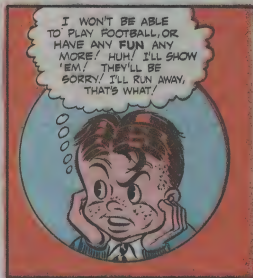
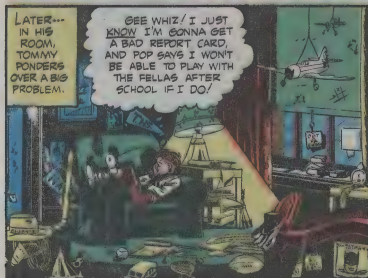
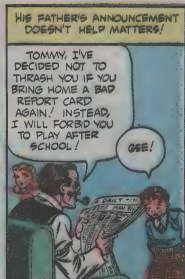
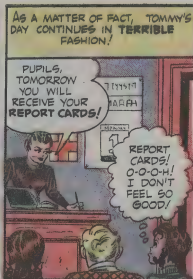
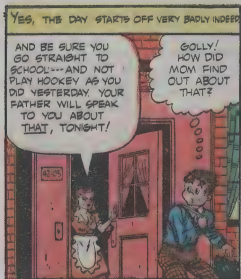
POST
NO
BILLS

LITTLE TOMMY DIDN'T LIKE TO GO TO SCHOOL. HE PLAYED HOOKEY. HE DIDN'T STUDY. HE GOT BAD REPORT CARDS. TOMMY WAS A BA-AD BOY! SO, WHEN REPORT CARD DAY CAME, TOMMY TOOK IT ON THE LAM. HE BEAT IT TO THE BIG TOWN ---AND RAN SMACK INTO TROUBLE ---RIGHT UP TO HIS NECKTIE! BUT WHEN TOMMY TOOK THE HIGH ROAD, HE MET THOSE ROVING CRIME-BUSTERS, BATMAN AND ROBIN, WHO SOON SHOWED HIM THE ERROR OF HIS WAYS -- IN THIS STORY OF...
"REPORT CARD BLUES!"

THE DAY
STARTS
OFF BADLY
FOR LITTLE
TOMMY TRENT...

BZZZ...
AW RIGHT...
BZZZ...I'M
GETTING UP...
BZZZ...

TOM-MY-Y-Y!
YOU'RE LATE!
TIME TO GET
UP TO GO
TO SCHOOL!



AND NOW
LET'S SHIFT
TO ANOTHER
PART OF TOWN
WHERE
ACTION
IS ABOUT
TO EXPLODE!

OLD
SCHULTZ
WILL BE GLAD
TO PAY
"PROTECTION"
AFTER TONIGHT!

YOU
SAID A
MOUTHFUL--
HUH?
THE
BATMAN!

AND WHO
LET YOU
RATS OUT
OF YOUR
CAGE?

TWIN THUNDERBOLTS, THE BATMAN AND
ROBIN BLAST INTO THE THUGS!

SOLID,
ROBIN...
SOLID!

KNOCKOUT-DEALING BLOWS SLEDGE-HAMMER
THE HOODLUMS!

CRASH

WHILE
ROBIN
WELL AND
TRULY
LIVES UP TO
HIS TITLE
OF "BOY
WONDER."

I'LL FIX
YOU, PUNK!

WHO ARE
YOU CALLING
NAMES--
RAT?

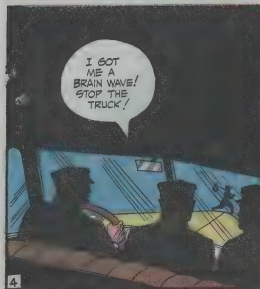
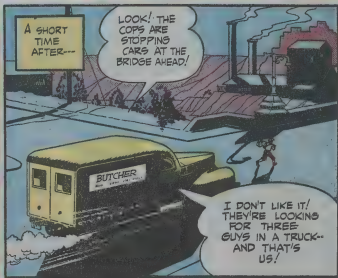
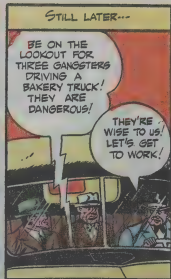
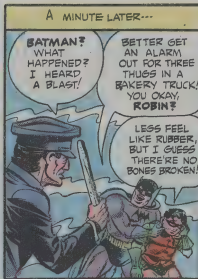
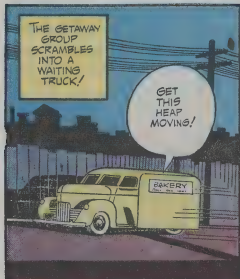
IN THE HEAT
AND FURY
OF BATTLE,
THE BOMB
IS UTTERLY
FORGOTTEN.
THE FUSE
DWINDLES AND...

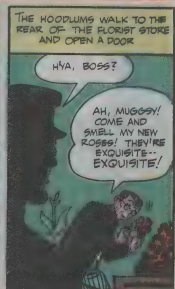
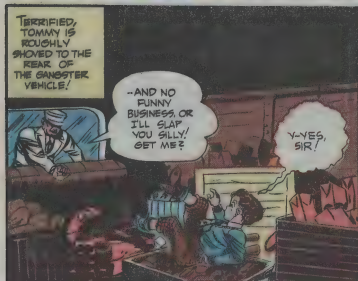
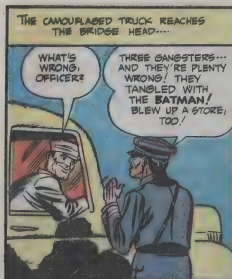
BOOM

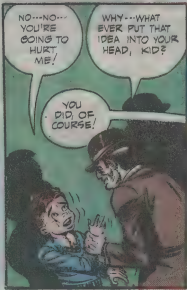
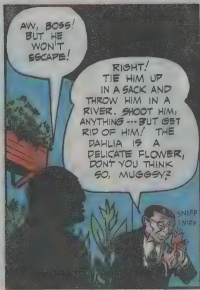
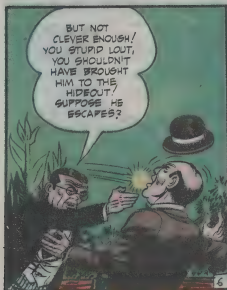
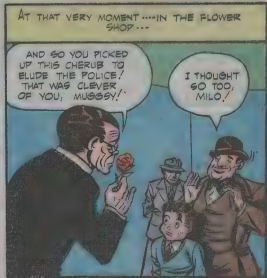
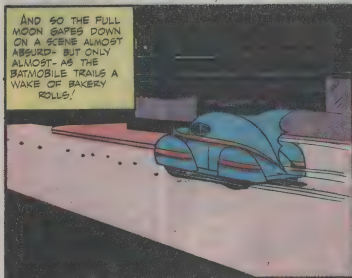
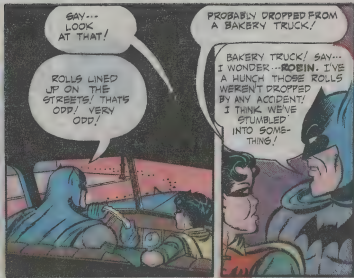
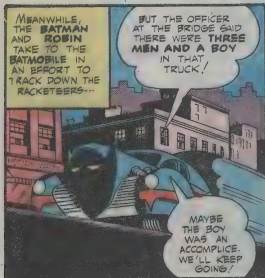
AS BAD LUCK
WOULD HAVE IT,
THE BATMAN AND
ROBIN ARE
ON THE RECEIVING
END OF THE
BARRAGE OF
FLYING BRICK
AND GLASS!

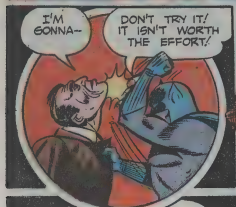
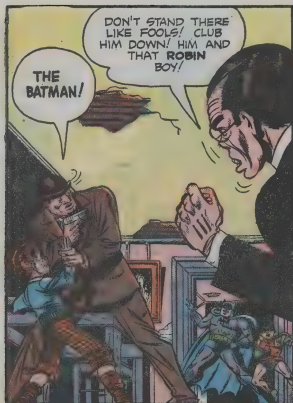
PICK UP
YOUR FEET!
MOVE!

...A WINDOW-SHATTERING EAR-
DEAFENING EXPLOSION!









HELPLESS NOW, THE BATMAN AND ROBIN SURRENDER --- AND MINUTES LATER ---

GOSH, MR. BATMAN, I'M SORRY YOU HAD TO GET CAPTURED ON ACCOUNT OF ME!

FORGET IT, SON, BUT WOULD YOUR MIND TELLING ME HOW YOU GOT MIXED UP IN ALL THIS?

THE BATMAN LISTENS TO A BOY'S TALE OF WOE.

-AND I'LL NEVER RUN AWAY AGAIN! 'COUSE I'M NOT SCARED NOW, 'CAUSE YOU'LL GET US OUT OF THIS. WON'T YOU, MR. BATMAN?

OF COURSE, SON --- (THIS 'KID CERTAINLY BELIEVES IN ME. CAN'T LET HIM KNOW WE'RE IN A SPOT. MUST DO SOMETHING)

MEANWHILE MILO HAS CALLED TOGETHER HIS PACK OF JACKALS---

WHAT'S THE IDEA O' CALLIN' US IN, BOSS?

YOU KNOW THIS IS THE FIRST OF THE MONTH --- WE SETTLE ACCOUNTS WITH THOSE WHO REFUSE TO ACCEPT OUR--ER--"PROTECTION!"

SURE-- THIS IS PAYOFF NIGHT!

RIGHT! BUT THE POLICE ARE ON THE PROWL FOR US! SO WE MUST WORK FASTER. SPLIT INTO THREE GROUPS AND TAKE THREE CARS TO THESE ADDRESSES!

THE BATMAN AND ROBIN --- THEY GET THE WORKS LATER, EH?

YES! THE BOY COMES WITH ME TO SERVE AS A SHIELD IN CASE THE POLICE SHOULD DECIDE TO FIRE THEIR GUNS!

LISTEN, MILO-- IF YOU HURT THAT BOY YOU'LL BE THE SORRIEST MAN ALIVE!

AFTER THE TRIO OF "TORPEDO" CARS ROAR AWAY---

RELAX, CHUM--- YOU'RE NOT GOIN' ANYWHERE 'CEPT MAYBE IN THE RIVER, HAW!

THAT INNOCENT BOY---HE'S LIABLE TO BE HURT BY GUNFIRE---

GOT TO DO SOMETHING--BUT WHAT?

THEN A WILD PLAN---THE BRAIN CHILD OF DESPERATION ITSELF!--- IS PUT INTO ACTION---

I HOPE THIS APE IS AS DUMB AS HE LOOKS.

COPPERS? I BETTER SEE---

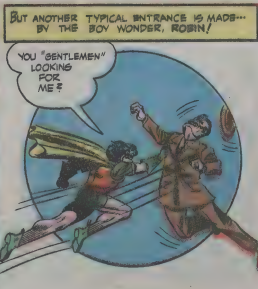
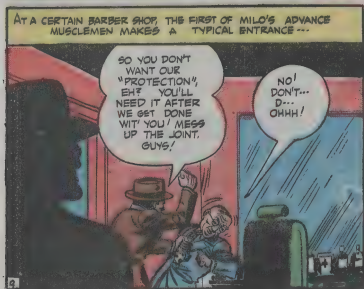
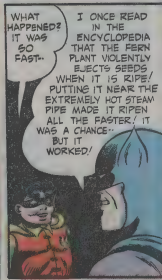
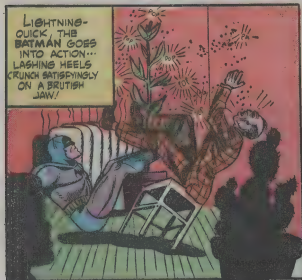
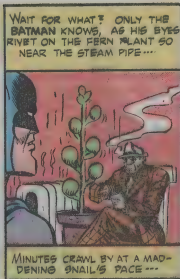
ROBIN, I HEARD A NOISE AT THE DOOR!

BATMAN'S UP TO SOMETHING--BETTER PLAY ALONG!

I'LL BET IT'S THE POLICE!

THE INSTANT THE THUG LEAVES TO INVESTIGATE, THE BATMAN PUSHES A FERN FORWARD---

RIGHT NEXT TO THE STEAM AND THE CHAIR --- THIS HAD BETTER WORK OR ELSE!

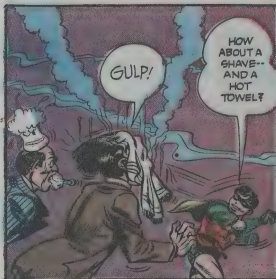




NOT FOR YOU, PUNK!
WE CAME
FOR THE
BARBER!



HAVEN'T YOU
HEARD? I'M THE
NEW BARBER--
AND I'M HERE
TO GIVE YOU
THE WORKS!



GULP!

HOW
ABOUT A
SHAVE--
AND A
HOT
TOWEL?



ROBIN MAKES GOOD USE OF
THE ELECTRIC VIBRATOR!

--AND WE MUSTN'T
FORGET A
FACIAL
MASSAGE---

B-BR-P-R!



GENTLEMEN, I
BELIEVE THIS WILL
BE ALL! I HOPE
I DIDN'T SHAVE YOU
TOO CLOSE!

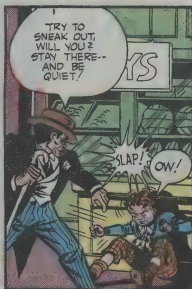
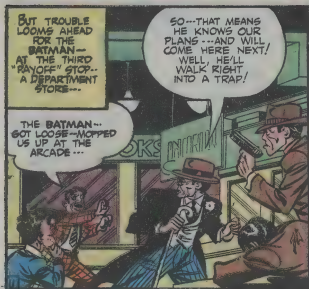
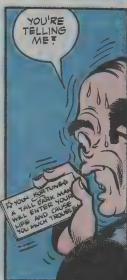
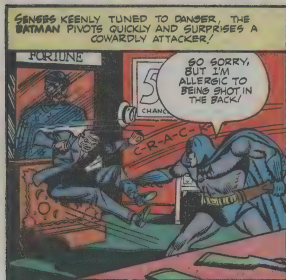
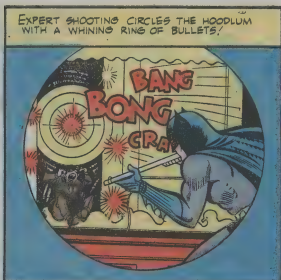
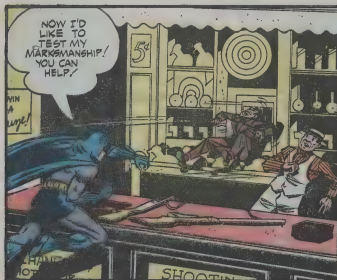


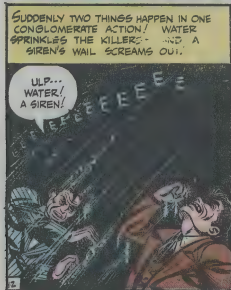
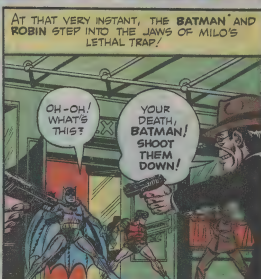
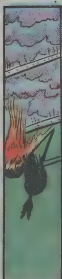
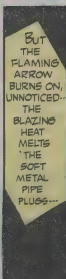
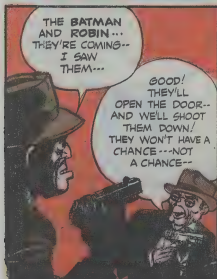
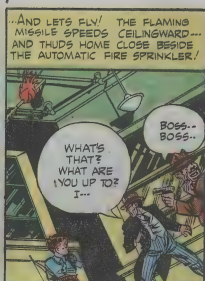
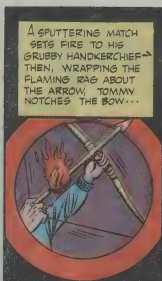
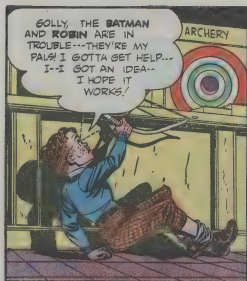
MEANWHILE, THE
BATMAN TAKES CARE
OF HIS ASSIGNMENT
IN THIS FASHION!
AT A PENNY
ARCADE---

AH! A PENNY-
ANTE HOODLUM
IN A PENNY ARCADE!
HOW APPROPRIATE!



HARD
ENOUGH?





REINFORCEMENTS SUDDENLY
APPEAR! A FIRE BRIGADE
CHARGES IN AND QUICKLY
TAKES STOCK OF THE SITUATION!

NO FIRE HERE! LOOK!
BATMAN AND ROBIN
FIGHTING TIGHTLY! LET'S
MAKE IT HOT FOR THE
BUMS!



MILO AND HIS MOB ARE PUT OUT---BUT GOOD!



YOU'RE
NOT SO
HOT!

YOU'RE GOING
TO SNIFF
LILLIES FROM
NOW ON,
MILO!

SOME TIME AFTER---
THREE FIGURES WALK
DOWN A WINDING
ROAD---

HOW DID YOU KNOW
HEAT SETS OFF
CEILING FIRE SPRINKLERS
AND SENDS AN ALARM
TO THE FIREHOUSE?

MY
TEACHER TAUGHT
ME THAT IN MY
CIVICS CLASS DURING
FIRE PREVENTION WEEK

THAT'S MY
HOUSE! GOLLY,
I'M AFRAID OF
SCHOOL AGAIN.
I ALWAYS GET
BAD REPORT
CARDS!

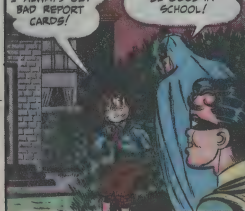
ANY BOY WHO CAN
THINK AS CLEARLY
IN TIGHT SPOTS
AS YOU DO SHOULD
BE GOOD IN
SCHOOL!

WE WON'T
FORGET
YOU SO
EASILY,
TOMMY!

YOU'RE GOING
AWAY NOW. I'LL
--I'LL NEVER SEE
YOU AGAIN---

THIS IS A
SMALL WORLD,
TOMMY. YOU
NEVER CAN TELL
WHEN OR WHERE WE'RE
LIKELY TO MEET
AGAIN---

AND SO, JUST AS PALE DAWN
CREEPS OVER THE HORIZON--
A VERY EXCITEMENT-WEARY
LITTLE BOY SNEAKS NOISELESSLY
HOME---



GOODBYE,
BATMAN AND
ROBIN---
GOODBYE---

AND
NOT
SO LONG
AFTER---

MOTHER--
MOTHER---

MOTHER--
MOTHER---
IT'S SO
GOOD
TO SEE
YOU
AGAIN!

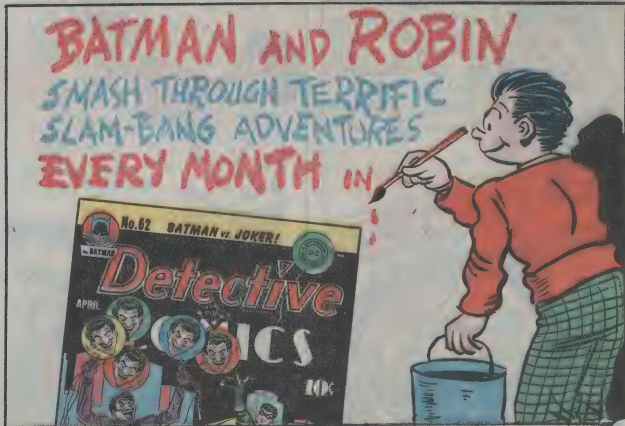
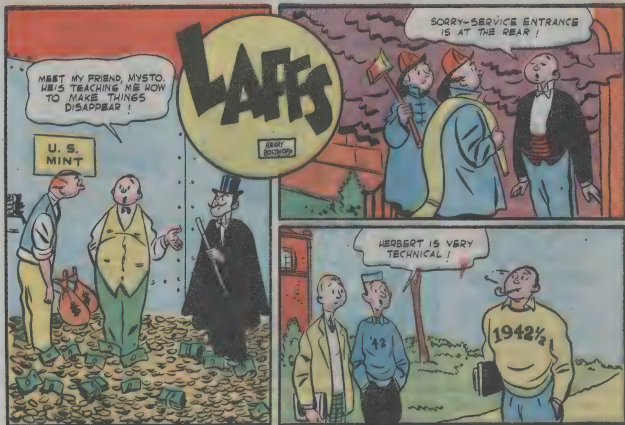
WHY, TOMMY---
ANYONE WOULD
THINK YOU HAD
BEEN AWAY FROM
ME A LONG TIME
INSTEAD OF BEING
IN BED AND
SLEEPING ALL
NIGHT---

TOMMY MAKES A NEW VOW---

AND
I'M GOING
TO STUDY
HARD FROM
NOW ON---
NO MORE
HOOKEY
FOR ME!

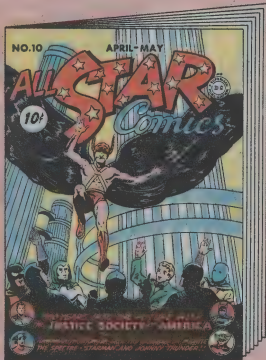
I DON'T KNOW
WHAT HAPPENED
TO CHANGE YOU
LIKE THIS---BUT
WHATEVER IT
WAS, I'M GLAD
IT HAPPENED---
VERY GLAD!





**500 YEARS
INTO THE
FUTURE**
with
**THE JUSTICE
SOCIETY
OF
AMERICA!**

**AGAIN
THE JUSTICE
SOCIETY
APPEARS IN
ANOTHER
FULL-LENGTH
ADVENTURE
STORY!**



**ONCE
AGAIN
THEY FIGHT
GALLANTLY FOR
AMERICA
AND
Democracy**

**BUT THIS
TIME THEY
TRAVEL FAR
INTO THE
FUTURE
TO DO IT!**

**DON'T MISS
-THIS-
TREMENDOUS ISSUE!**

ALL-STAR NO. 10 ON SALE EVERYWHERE FEB. 18TH!



BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -

ONCE AGAIN BATMAN, DARK
WARRIOR OF THE NIGHT, AND
HIS YOUNG DAREDEVIL AIDE,
ROBIN THE BOY WONDER, CROSS
THE PATH OF AN OLD ENEMY-- THE
BEAUTIFUL QUEEN OF CRIME
KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE
UNDERWORLD AS ---THE CAT-
WOMAN--- A STRANGE FIGURE
INDEED--- WITH WOMAN'S
BODY AND CAT'S HEAD IS
THE CAT-WOMAN-- CLEVER
MISTRESS OF MENACE!
ONCE AGAIN THE FEMALE
SPITFIRE BARES HER CLAWS AND
WAGES HER NINE LIVES IN A
MIGHTY DUEL WITH THE
DYNAMIC DUO AS THE
MASTER SWORDSMEN OF
JUSTICE STRIVE TO VANQUISH--
"THE PRINCESS
OF PLUNDER!"

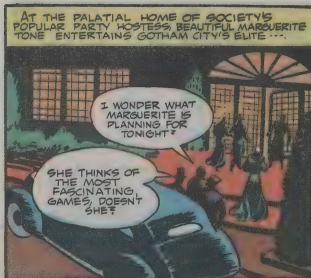
JOE
KANE

IT IS A CALM, PEACEFUL EVENING AND
BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON FIND
THEMSELVES BORED BY INACTIVITY...

DICK, I THINK THE
COSTUMES OF BATMAN
AND ROBIN NEED AN
AIRING.
DON'T
YOU?

SUITS ME! FOR
A WHILE I WAS
AFRAID YOU'D
ATTEND
MARGUERITE
TONE'S PARTY
TONIGHT
INSTEAD.

AT THE PALATIAL HOME OF SOCIETY'S
POPULAR PARTY HOSTESS, BEAUTIFUL MARGUERITE
TONE ENTERTAINS GOTHAM CITY'S ELITE...

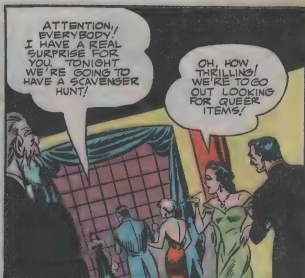


I WONDER WHAT
MARGUERITE IS
PLANNING FOR
TONIGHT?

SHE THINKS OF
THE MOST
FASCINATING
GAMES, DOESN'T
SHE?

ATTENTION,
EVERYBODY!
I HAVE A REAL
SURPRISE FOR
YOU, TONIGHT
WE'RE GOING TO
HAVE A SCAVENGER
HUNT!

OH, HOW
THRILLING!
WE'RE TO GO
OUT LOOKING
FOR QUEER
ITEMS!



ON THE BACK OF THESE
EMBLEMS ARE YOUR
INSTRUCTIONS! YOU ARE EACH
TO BRING BACK AS MANY
ARTICLES AS ARE CALLED
FOR! THE ONE WHO RETURNS
WITH THE GREATEST NUMBER
BY MIDNIGHT WINS THE
GRAND PRIZE!
NOW, IF YOU'LL
STEP
UP..

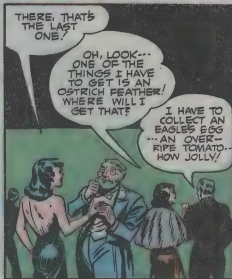
MARGUERITE
TONE'S
SCAVENGER
HUNT.



THERE, THAT'S
THE LAST
ONE.

OH, LOOK...
ONE OF THE
THINGS I HAVE
TO GET IS AN
OSTRICH FEATHER!
WHERE WILL I
GET THAT?

I HAVE TO
COLLECT AN
EAGLE'S EGG
...AN OVER-
RIPE TOMATO...
HOW JOLLY!



AS THE GUESTS DEPART,
THE LOVELY HOSTESS
GLIDES UPSTAIRS...
TO PLAN A MORE
SINISTER GAME...

THAT "SCAVENGER
HUNT" IDEA WORKED
LIKE A CHARM! NOW
FOR MY MASK AND
"WORK CLOTHES!"

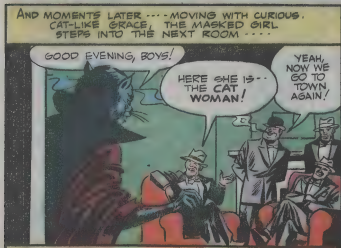


AND MOMENTS LATER... -MOVING WITH CURIOUS.
CAT-LIKE GRACE, THE MASKED GIRL
STEPS INTO THE NEXT ROOM... -

GOOD EVENING, BOYS!

HERE SHE IS--
THE CAT
WOMAN!

YEAH,
NOW WE
GO TO
TOWN,
AGAIN!



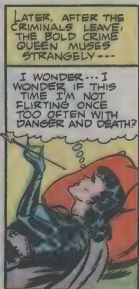
FOR MARGUERITE TONE, THE TOAST OF HIGH
SOCIETY, IS NONE OTHER THAN THAT
CLEVER QUEEN OF CRIME --- THE CAT WOMAN!

YOU'RE ALL GOING
ON A SCAVENGER
HUNT, TOO! HERE
ARE SOME EMBLEMS
WITH INSTRUCTIONS
ON THE BACKS.
NOW, LISTEN
CAREFULLY---



LATER, AFTER THE
CRIMINALS LEAVE,
THE BOLD CRIME
QUEEN MUSES
STRANGELY---

I WONDER... I
WONDER IF THIS
TIME I'M NOT
FLIRTING ONCE
TOO OFTEN WITH
DANGER AND DEATH?



STILL LATER, IN THE HEART OF GOTHAM CITY.

CAN I SEE MR. VANDERWELL? I HAVE TO GET HIS AUTOGRAPH FOR MARGUERITE TONE'S SCAVENGER HUNT PARTY, SEE?

OH, MISS TONE? COME RIGHT IN! I'LL CALL THE MASTER!

IT WORKED! NOW TO GET THAT FANCY DOODAD THE CAT-WOMAN WANTS ME TO SWIPE! THERE IT IS!

SWIFTLY, THE HENCHMAN POKETS THE PRICELESS, JEWELLED HEIRLOOM OF THE VANDERWELL FAMILY---

AH! YOU WISH MY AUTOGRAPH? IT WILL BE A PLEASURE TO OBLIGE ONE OF MISS TONE'S GUESTS!

THANKS! THE PLEASURE IS ALL MINE!

BACKSTAGE, IN THE DRESSING ROOM OF A DOWNTOWN THEATRE---

BOY, THOSE JEWELS MUST BE WORTH A FORTUNE. WHAT A HAUL!

A THIEF! I'LL CALL THE POLICE!

NOW WAIT A MINUTE, LADY! I'M NOT A THIEF! I'M FROM MARGUERITE TONE'S SCAVENGER HUNT! I'M ONLY LOOKING FOR A FAMOUS ACTRESS' EYEBROW PENCIL! SEE? IT SAYS SO DOWN HERE ON THIS LIST!

OH, THAT'S DIFFERENT! OF COURSE YOU CAN HAVE THE PENCIL-- AND GIVE MY REGARDS TO MARGUERITE!

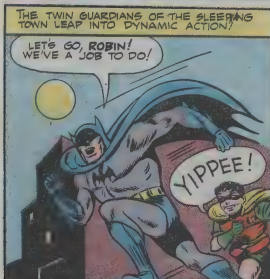
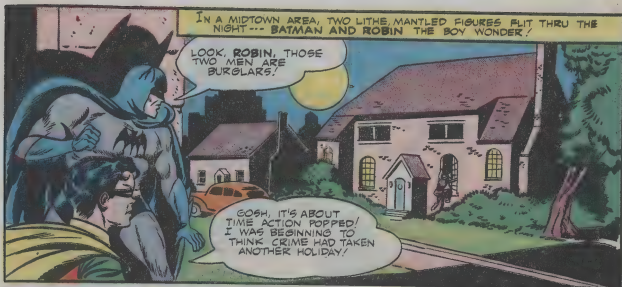
ONCE OUTSIDE---

LEAVE IT TO THE CAT-WOMAN! IF WE GET CAUGHT, WE DON'T GET NABBED! WE GOT ALIBIS! HA! HA! THAT'S RICH!

THROUGHTOUT THE CITY, THE CRIME QUEEN'S MINIONS SNATCH THEIR LOOT UNDER GUISE OF SOCIETY'S "SCAVENGER HUNT."

I'M SUPPOSED TO BRING BACK A LADY'S BEDROOM SLIPPER! I LIKE THIS BETTER---HA! HA!

ONLY WAY I COULD GET INTO THAT RITZY GAMBLING JOINT--WITH MY SCAVENGER HUNT BADGE! INSTEAD OF THE POKER CHIP I CAME FOR, I SWIPED ALL THE DOUGH!



ROBIN IS GREETED BY A PAIR OF FEET --- BOTTOMS UP!



WHOOOPS!
'PON MY SOLE!

BUT WITH AN AGILE TWIST, THE BOY WONDER SPINS INTO AN ACROBATIC SOMERSAULT AND---



SO SORRY! BUT EVERYTHING THAT GOES UP --- MUST COME DOWN.

UCH!

THIS IS THE ROCKPONT RESIDENCE! TWO MEN CLAIM TO BE LOOKING FOR A FRENCH POODLE. AS PART OF YOUR SCAVENGER HUNT! IS THAT TRUE?

SEE---? MARGUERITE TONE'S SCAVENGER HUNT? WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!

THAT'S A GAS!

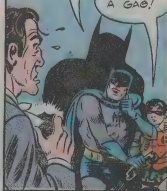
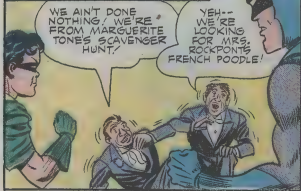


WHY, YES! OH, I HOPE NOTHING'S WRONG! IT'S ALL IN FUN, YOU KNOW.



WE AIN'T DONE NOTHING! WE'RE FROM MARGUERITE TONE'S SCAVENGER HUNT.

YEH-- WE'RE LOOKING FOR MRS. ROCKPONT'S FRENCH POODLE!



THAT VOICE! I COULD NEVER FORGET IT! IT WAS --- THE CAT-WOMAN'S!

ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO CAN BEAT IT! YOUR STORY IS TRUE!

I TOLD YOU SO!

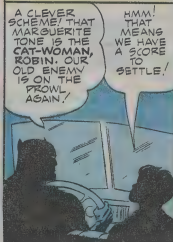
CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT?



LATER, IN THE BATMOBILE, SPEEDING HOME...

A CLEVER SCHEME! THAT MARGUERITE TONE IS THE CAT-WOMAN, ROBIN. OUR OLD ENEMY IS ON THE PROWL AGAIN!

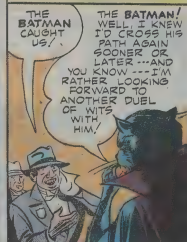
HMM! THAT MEANS WE HAVE A SCORE TO SETTLE!



MEANWHILE, THE TWO HENCHMEN RACE BACK TO THEIR WOMAN LEADER!

THE BATMAN CAUGHT US!

THE BATMAN! WELL I KNEW I'D CROSS HIS PATH AGAIN SOONER OR LATER --- AND YOU KNOW --- I'M RATHER LOOKING FORWARD TO ANOTHER DUEL OF WITS WITH HIM!



A FEW DAYS LATER, IN
BRUCE WAYNES MORNING MAIL---

WELL, WELL! MARGUERITE
TONE IS GIVING ANOTHER PARTY
TOMORROW NIGHT! "COME
DRESSED AS YOUR FAVORITE
CHARACTER!"

SHE MUST
HAVE SOMETHING
UP HER SLEEVE
ARE YOU GOING,
BRUCE?



YES...AND
AS MY
FAVORITE
CHARACTER!
GUESS WHO!



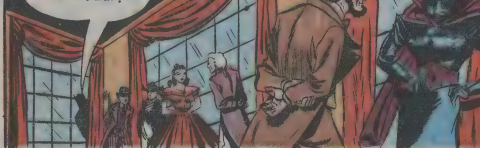
THE NEXT NIGHT---

YOU STAY HERE
WITH THE BATMOBILE
WHILE I SEE WHAT'S
UP! PERHAPS THIS
TIME WE CAN CATCH
THE CAT-WOMAN RED-
HANDED!

AW,
I MISS
ALL THE
FUN!

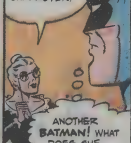


FAVORITE CHARACTERS---
GEORGE WASHINGTON,
SCARLETT O'HARA, ABY
LINCOLN, NAPOLEON,
CHARLIE CHAPLIN AND
THERE'S THE
CAT-WOMAN! SHE'S HAD
THE NERVE TO COME
DRESSED AS
HERSELF!



BOLDLY, THE BATMAN
ENTERS, MINGLES WITH
THE COSTUME-CLAD
GUESTS!

LOOK---
ANOTHER
BATMAN!
MY FAVORITE
CHARACTER!



ANOTHER
BATMAN! WHAT
DOES SHE
MEAN

THE CRIME-FIGHTER'S SEARCHING EYES SOON DISCOVER
THE ANSWER --- SEVERAL BATMEN MEET HIS ASTONISHED
GAZE---FAT ONES, TALL ONES, SHORT ONES!



HOLY COW! THESE
GUESTS HAVE ALL
COME HERE DRESSED
UP AS ME! AND
THEY THINK I'M A
FAKE, TOO!

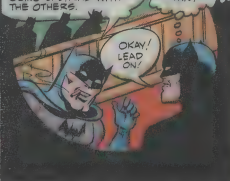
SAY, YOU
FORGOT TO
BRING ROBIN
THE BOY
WONDER!

HIYA,
BATMAN!

SUDDENLY, THE TALL "BATMAN"
WHISPERS GRUFFLY TO THE NEW ARRIVAL--

IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU
GOT HERE, DUKE! C'MON,
WE'VE GOT TO JOIN
THE CAT-WOMAN! SHE'S
GOING UPSTAIRS WITH
THE OTHERS.

SO I WAS
RIGHT! MY
OLD ENEMY
IS BEHIND
THIS!



OKAY!
LEAD
ON!

UPSTAIRS, IN THE CAT-WOMAN'S SITTING ROOM, FOUR FIGURES ROBED IN THE BATMAN'S DARK DENIM DISCUSS -CRIME!

LISTEN, MEN! DISGUISED AS THE BATMAN, YOU CAN GAIN ENTRY ANYWHERE! SAY YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A CRIMINAL, THEN ROB THE PLACE! IF YOU'RE NABBED, TELL 'EM YOU'RE FROM MARGUERITE TONE'S "FAVORITE CHARACTER PARTY" AND IT'S ALL A PUBLICITY STUNT!

WONDER WHAT THE CAT-WOMAN WOULD THINK IF SHE KNEW I WAS THE REAL ME-COV?

HA! IS THAT A JOKE ON THE REAL BATMAN!

ABRUPTLY, THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN AND ---

I'M LATE --- I HAD A FLAT TIRE AND WAS DELAYED!

SOMETHING'S WRONG! THERE ARE ONLY FOUR OF YOU HERE! ONE OF YOU IS AN IMPOSTOR --- TAKE OFF YOUR MASKS!

THE BATMAN IS TRAPPED --- BUT UNDISMAIED!

I'LL KEEP MINE ON, IF YOU DON'T MIND! MY FACE IS MY FORTUNE!

AFTER HIM! HE'S THE REAL BATMAN!

BUT LIKE A STEEL SPRING SUDDENLY RELEASED, THE CRIME-FIGHTER UNCOILS INTO ACTION!

SO YOU WANT TO BE A BATMAN? I'LL SHOW YOU HOW!

THEY'RE ALL MIXED UP BY THE COSTUMES! HERE I AM, MUGGS!

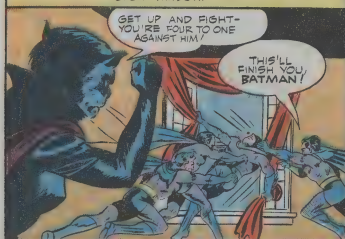
SUDDENLY, SWIFT AS A STRIKING PUMA, THE CRIME QUEEN'S SLIM HANDS STREAK OUT---

I'LL GET YOU MYSELF!

BUT BATMAN WAS SPIED CAT-WOMAN'S REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR --- AND MOVES WITH THE BLURRING SPEED OF LIGHT---

IS THAT NICE? TAKE A LITTLE NAP --- YOU'RE ALL EXCITED!

ABRUPTLY --- A CONCERTED RUSH BY THE FALSE BATMEN BEARS THE VALIANT BATTLER TOWARDS AN OPEN WINDOW.



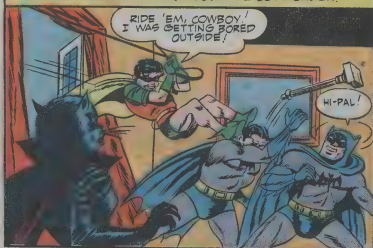
GET UP AND FIGHT--
YOU'RE FOUR TO ONE
AGAINST HIM!

THIS'LL
FINISH YOU,
BATMAN!

COME ON, YOU
PHONIES! WE'RE
JUST STARTING!



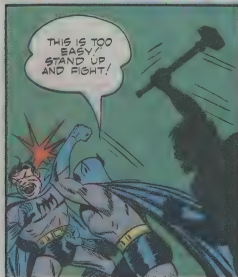
SUDDENLY, A MINIATURE WHIRLWIND SWEEPS IN FROM THE OPEN WINDOW --- IT IS ROBIN THE BOY WONDER!



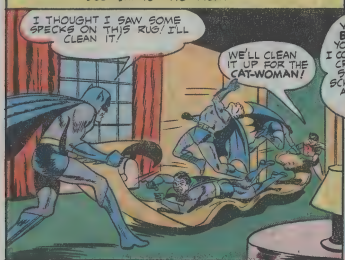
RIDE 'EM, COWBOY!
I WAS GETTING BORED
OUTSIDE!

HI-PAL!

THIS IS TOO
EASY--
STAND UP
AND FIGHT!



AS THOUGH ANIMATED BY ONE GEAR, THE DYNAMIC DUO SHIFTS INTO HIGH!



I THOUGHT I SAW SOME
SPECKS ON THIS RUG! I'LL
CLEAN IT!

WE'LL CLEAN
IT UP FOR THE
CAT-WOMAN!

THE TIGRESS QUEEN
QUICKLY REGAINS
HER POISE!

YOUR ROUND,
BATMAN! BUT
YOU CAN'T PROVE
I COMMITTED ANY
CRIME! YOU
SPOILED MY
SCHEME, THOUGH--
AND I WON'T
FORGET
THAT!

YOU'RE
CLEVER,
CAT! BUT
YOU'LL
MAKE A
SLIP
SOONER OR
LATER

MOMENTS LATER,
AFTER TWO
CAPED FIGURES
MERGE INTO THE
INKY NIGHT...

HOW BRAVE AND
STRONG HE IS!
IF ONLY HE
WOULD TEAM UP
WITH ME --- NO-
BODY WOULD BE
ABLE TO STOP
US --- NOBODY!



A WEEK PASSES, AND BRUCE WAYNE WAITS IMPATIENTLY FOR THE CAT-WOMAN'S NEXT MOVE...

THAT WOMAN IS TOO QUIET! IT'S LIKE THE LULL BEFORE THE STORM!

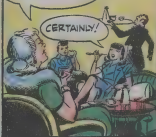
MAYBE SHE GOT FRIGHTENED AND DECIDED TO END HER CRIME CAREER!



BUT, AT THAT MOMENT, THE CUNNING ADVENTRESS IS PLOTTING HER GREATEST COUP!

NOW MARGUERITE, YOU MUST TELL US WHERE YOU HIRE YOUR SERVANTS! THEY'RE PERFECTLY GROOMED!

CERTAINLY!



LATER, AT THE ACE EMPLOYMENT SERVICE... IN THE BACK ROOM.

HURRY UP AND FINISH THOSE LESSONS, YOU'VE GOT TO KNOW HOW TO ACT AS SERVANTS. WE'VE ALREADY GOTTEN ORDERS!

DINNER IS SOVED-- I MEAN, SERVED!

I BEG YOUR PAWDON, MRS. FITSBUILT. THE MARSTER IS NOT HEAH! HA! HA! I'M LOINING!



PRESENTLY... UNSUSPECTING SOCIETY OPENS ITS HOMES TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CAT-WOMAN'S GANG!

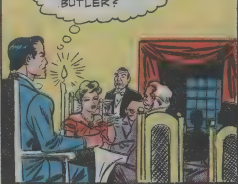
MY NEW BUTLER... ISN'T HE MARVELOUS? MARGUERITE TONE, RECOMMENDED HIM!

HE'S A BIT ECCENTRIC, BUT MARGUERITE TONE CAN'T BE WRONGS! HE'S SO DIFFERENT FROM OTHER SERVANTS, IT'S A RELIEF!



AND, DURING A FESTIVE DINNER AT THE RESIDENCE OF ONE OF HIS FRIENDS, BRUCE WAYNE IS STARTLED TO SEE...

SILKY DAVIS! WHAT'S THAT CROOK DOING HERE AS A BUTLER?



POLITELY EXCUSING HIMSELF, BRUCE SURREPTITIOUSLY TRAILS THE BUTLER DOWNSTAIRS TO THE SERVANTS' QUARTERS...

OKAY, SILKY, WE'VE CLEANED EVERYTHING OUT OF THIS JOINT! THE CAT SAYS ALL THE PLACES ARE GONNA BE ROBBED TONIGHT!

I THOUGHT SO -- THE CAT-WOMAN AGAIN! SHE MUST HAVE PLANTED CROOKS IN ALL THE WEALTHY HOMES.



IN A FEW MINUTES, FOLLOW ME UPSTAIRS! YOU CAN ROB THOSE RICH MUGGS AT THE DINNER TABLE AND THEN JOIN THE CAT-WOMAN! AND DON'T FORGET TO FRISK THAT PLAY-BOY, BRUCE WAYNE. HE MUST BE CARRYING A BIG ROLL!



BUT AS SILKY DAVIS ENTERS THE CORRIDOR, AN IRON FIST CRASHES INTO HIS JAW!

NO TIME FOR CEREMONIES!



IN AN ADJOINING ROOM, AN AMAZING TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE -- AS BRUCE BECOMES -- THE BUTLER!

FIRST, I'LL HAVE TO EXPLAIN MR. BRUCE WAYNE'S ABSENCE! GOOD THING I ALWAYS CARRY THIS MAKE-UP KIT WITH ME!



UPSTAIRS ---

I BEG YOUR PARDON, MADAM-- MR. WAYNE HAD TO LEAVE SUDDENLY! HE OFFERS HIS HUMBLEST APOLOGIES!

OH, THAT'S JUST LIKE BRUCE! HE'S PROBABLY BORED AS USUAL! DEAR ME, THAT BOY IS SO FLIGHTY.



PAUSING ONLY A BRIEF MOMENT TO SUMMON ROBIN, BRUCE RACES TO THE SERVANTS' QUARTERS AGAIN!

SH-H! I'VE GOT A BETTER PLAN! COME THIS WAY!

OKAY, SILKY! YOU KNOW THIS JOINT BETTER!



THE DISGUISED BRUCE WAYNE LEADS THE TRUSTING THIEVES TO A BASEMENT GAME ROOM.

HEY, SILKY-- WHAT'RE WE DOING DOWN HERE?

YOU'LL FIND OUT!



SUDDENLY, DARKNESS DESCENDS BUT... THE CLICK OF A SWITCH BRINGS THE UNDERWORLD'S DREADED Foe INTO SIGHT -- BATMAN!

IT WASN'T SILKY! THAT'S THE BATMAN!

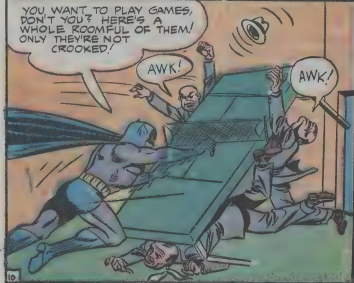
HE TRAPPED US-- LET'S GET OUT!



YOU WANT TO PLAY GAMES, DON'T YOU? HERE'S A WHOLE ROOMFUL OF THEM! ONLY THEY'RE NOT CROOKED!

AWK!

AWK!

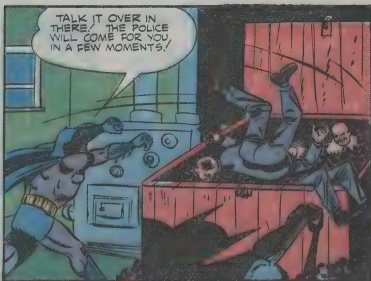


HOW ABOUT SOME BASKETBALL?





THIS IS YOUR CUE TO GO TO SLEEP!

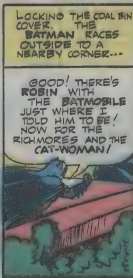


TALK IT OVER IN THERE, THE POLICE WILL COME FOR YOU IN A FEW MOMENTS!



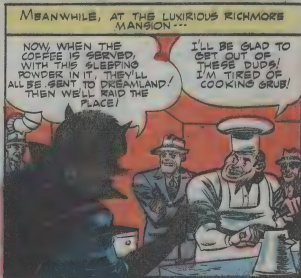
WHERE ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO MEET THE CAT-WOMAN? TALK!

AT... MRS. RICHMORE'S HOUSE!



LOCKING THE COAL BIN COVER, THE BATMAN RACES OUTSIDE TO A NEARBY CORNER...

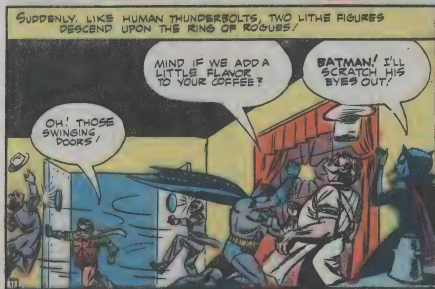
GOOD! THERE'S ROBIN WITH THE BATMOBILE JUST WHERE I TOLD HIM TO BE! NOW FOR THE RICHMORES AND THE CAT-WOMAN!



MEANWHILE, AT THE LUXURIOUS RICHMORE MANSION...

NOW, WHEN THE COFFEE IS SERVED, WITH THIS SLEEPING POWDER IN IT, THEY'LL ALL BE SENT TO DREAMLAND! THEN WE'LL RAID THE PLACE!

I'LL BE GLAD TO GET OUT OF THESE DUDS! I'M TIRED OF COOKING GRUB!



SUDDENLY, LIKE HUMAN THUNDERBOLTS, TWO LITHE FIGURES DESCEND UPON THE RING OF ROGUES!

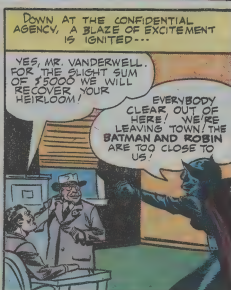
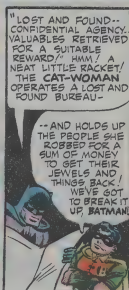
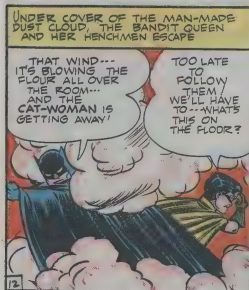
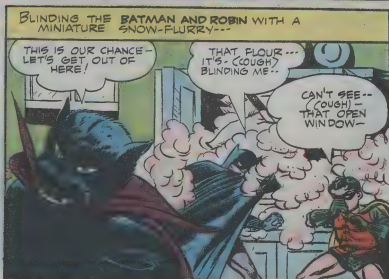
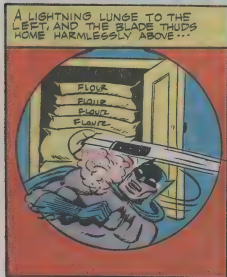
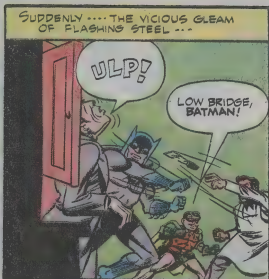
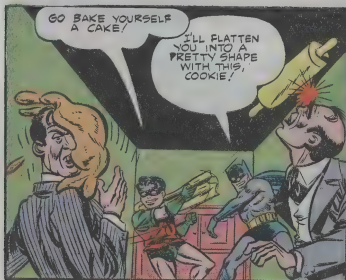
MIND IF WE ADD A LITTLE FLAVOR TO YOUR COFFEE?

BATMAN! I'LL SCRATCH HIS EYES OUT!

OH! THOSE SWINGING DOORS!



HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR EGGS, YEGOS?



LIKE AN ANSWERING ECHO, THE TWIN FOES OF CRIME HURTLE FORWARD!

THE BATMAN!

SORRY...BUT YOU DIDN'T FURNISH ME WITH A KEY!



TAKE A LETTER!

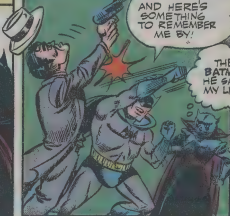


ABRUPTLY, AS SCREAMING SIRENS HERALD THE APPROACH OF POLICE...ONE OF THE CRIME QUEEN'S HENCHMEN MOVES WITH THE EYE-BLURRING SPEED OF LIGHT AND MENACES HIS TIGERISH LEADER...

BUT BEFORE THE MUTINUOUS CRIMINAL CAN PULL TRIGGER...

THE COPS! BATMAN MUST HAVE TOLD 'EM TO COME HERE!

YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR GETTING ME IN THIS JAM, CAT-WOMAN! NOW THE COPS ARE GONNA GET US... BUT HERE'S A SOUVENIR FROM ME, FIRST!



AND HERE'S SOMETHING TO REMEMBER ME BY!

THE BATMAN... HE SAVED MY LIFE!

HUH?



AND BEFORE THE STARTLED BATMAN CAN RECOVER HIS WITS, THE SHADOWY CAT-WOMAN HAS SLIPPED OUT OF THE ROOM, LIKE SOME ELUSIVE PHANTOM

PRESENTLY...

THANKS FOR CATCHING THE GANG AND RECOVERING THE LOOT, BATMAN. BUT WHERE'S THEIR LEADER-- THE CAT-WOMAN?

SHE... ER... SHE GOT AWAY... SLIPPED THROUGH MY FINGERS...

BATMAN! WAKE UP!

HUH...WHAT'S THAT...OH, WELL, WE'VE GOT HER MEN...AND ALL THE LOOT IS IN THIS OFFICE!



SOME TIME LATER, IN BRUCE WAYNE'S APARTMENT...

YOU KNOW, BRUCE, I'VE A FEELING YOU LET THE CAT-WOMAN ESCAPE!

WHY, DICK, HOW CAN YOU SAY A THING LIKE THAT! SHE'S A CLEVER AND BEAUTIFUL YES...AND IT'S A SHAME THAT WE BOTH WORK ON OPPOSITE SIDES OF THE LAW BUT I HOPE-- I MEAN, I KNOW WE'LL MEET AGAIN-- SOON! AND THEN IT WILL BE MY ROUND!



THE WAY HOME

by Norman Goss

A CHILL wind, bearing threats of snow to come, swept down from the Bavarian Alps and across the bleak, forbidding terrain that marked the concentration camp. Huddled closely together for warmth, the starved and sick prisoners of war stared at the smoke issuing from the chimneys of the Commandant's office and the guard's quarters. This was the daily half-hour period for fresh air, thirty minutes of precious freedom from the dank, vermin-infested cells in which they were housed.

Suddenly, a man slumped to the ground. In an instant, two of his fellow-prisoners were at his side. One of them touched the frail figure's face.

The man—his name was Michael Cord, and he came from Lancaster—opened his eyes. "Thanks, lads," he said weakly. "I—I—sort of went under for a moment."

"Silence!" A burly soldier thrust his face into that of the prone man. "Get up on your feet!" His heavy boot bit into Michael Cord's side. Groaning, Michael Cord managed to regain his feet. The camp was swimming around, and he felt sick. He wondered why death didn't come.

Death! It was really the only way to escape from this place. Unless a fellow were lucky enough, as that Free Frenchman had been last week, to be given a pardon. Almost inconceivable had that been. Michael Cord had never believed these beasts would keep their word. And that Stobel . . .

Almost unconsciously Michael Cord's eyes strayed to the window of the Commandant's office. Stobel was looking out, his face masked in devilry. Under his breath, Michael Cord swore a horrible oath: if ever he could meet that devil face to face

Into Michael Cord's mind flashed the picture of last week. The boys had come over to lay some eggs on Berlin. And somehow, British Military Intelligence had learned that close to the concentration camp the enemy had established a secret air base. They had dropped some bombs, created some damage.

But someone had miscalculated. A bomb had dropped, screaming, perilously close to the Commandant's quarters. Locked in their evil-smelling cells, the prisoners had heard the cries of fright cutting the air as Stobel and his gang scuttled for safety.

And then something had gone wrong. The bomb was a dud. But still dangerous. There was no telling when its mechanism would go off, no knowing when the entire side of the camp would be blown to bits.

Stobel had hastily summoned the prisoners into the courtyard. White-faced, he had promised freedom to the man willing to risk his life and cut off the mechanism. The Free Frenchman had done it and Stobel had kept his word. The Frenchman was free to go home, if going back into France could be called freedom.

Bitterly, biting his lips now to keep back the pain searing his insides, Michael Cord thought of home. Back in Lancaster they'd be getting ready for the holiday, Madge and the two girls. The boy, Charlie, was with the RAF, an observer just as his dad had been.

But here, in the concentration camp, it would be just another day, Michael Cord thought blackly, if he lived to see it. Why, oh why, hadn't he had the strength to get at that bomb as the Frenchman did? If only that hemorrhage hadn't started, it might have been he, Michael Cord, on the way home "Home home. . ."

Michael Cord didn't realize

he had spoken the words aloud. A whispered warning from a fellow prisoner recalled him from his reverie. The heavy-set guard was glowering at him, waving his gun butt menacingly. He started toward Michael Cord just as the sound of sirens split the air. The guard turned, saw the motorcycle detachment, preceding two official cars, roaring into the narrow road leading to the Commandant's quarters.

The cars bore high Army officials come to inspect the damage done to the adjacent air-base. Instantly, the prisoners were herded inside, shoved into the foul-smelling, unventilated stys that were called prisons, not to be let out again until the next day. Someone would die during the night. Someone always did.

Lying on the vermin-infested straw that was his bed, Michael Cord tried to shut from his ears the agonized cries of dying, diseased, and beaten men. The place was pitch-black. Curses and imprecations mingled with the moans of the dying.

Michael Cord closed his eyes; his body seemed to be floating. It was a very pleasant sensation, and there was a loud, pleasing drone in his ears. Drifting . . . drifting . . . just as on the lazy river, home, on Sundays, when they went punting. . .

A loud curse recalled Michael Cord to earth. Light streamed in from the open doorway, behind the figure of a prison guard. His voice seemed excited as he ordered the prisoners out. Despite his command for silence, wondered whispers filled the room. What had happened? What was going on outside?

Alongside Michael Cord, a Cockney whispered:

"Cor! He's plenty scared. Look at his bloody fyce."

Light stabbed cruelly into Michael Cord's eyes as he felt himself pushed and shoved out-

side with the other prisoners. The wind had grown stronger, sending icy nettles through the frail bodies of the men. In the sky overhead, a Nazi bomber circled worriedly.

In just a moment, the reason was apparent. It was Stobel, himself, who broke the news. Michael Cord guessed that with ranking officers around, Stobel had to make the gesture. The official cars had been run back down the road.

Stobel's voice was cold, military. But beneath it, Michael Cord could sense the presence of fear.

"Our bomber above, because of a faulty carrier, has dropped a time bomb. Fortunately, it has not exploded. We have no way of knowing why, nor when it will go off." Stobel's eyes narrowed. "We do not intend to risk the life of a single one of our brave men. But to the one of you, who knows bombs, and can render it useless, I promise freedom back to your homeland."

Freedom! The word clutched at Michael Cord's throat. Freedom! He knew bombs. And didn't these Nazi fools know that if the bomber above had been heading for an objective, his time clock must be set well ahead? He closed his eyes. This was like a gift from Heaven. Home . . . freedom . . . and he really wouldn't be risking his life.

He stepped forward. "Good!" Relief seemed to spread over Stobel's features. "The bomb is behind my building." He barked an order for tools, which were hastily brought to Michael Cord.

The two ton missile was nosed in the soft dirt, between the airports and the Commandant's office. Michael Cord went unhesitatingly toward it, examined it tenderly. He knew the type. His wrench bit into a nut and Michael Cord's other hand caressed the cold steel. "My passport to freedom," he said chokingly.

It was like a miracle, he thought, like a miracle. His eyes

glinted with satisfaction as a plate parted, revealing the mechanism. The bomb wouldn't have gone off for an hour. They could have carted it away themselves. Michael Cord chuckled. This was a good joke on them. They were practically giving him away.

Stobel's voice came crisply to his ears. "It is safe?" He sounded far away.

"Safe?" Michael Cord almost turned to answer that it was. Sure it was safe, and so was he. He was almost as good as back in England, away from these monsters who called themselves men, instead of maniacs. It was odd that they should speak of safety and security, when all they offered was unrest and disillusion.

Yes, that's what they were fighting for. To keep people unhappy, keep them in bondage and tyranny. Across the screen of Michael Cord's mind flashed a picture of another kind of man: the good man, the brave man, who believed in a long and happy life, who believed in freedom. The sort of man who would give his life to attain it.

There was no brutality in that kind of man; no lust for killing, no atrocities, no insane urge for power, no ruthless urge to destroy. That kind of man deserved to live; for the other kind, there could be but death. The beast could not triumph . . . he would not!

Michael Cord finished adjusting the mechanism. Hot tears flowed down his cheeks. Furtively, he brushed them away as he stood up. He waved toward Stobel. "I have fixed it," he said. "It is harmless." He turned again, noted the position of the bomb. Perfect.

* * *

"So!" Stobel tried to force a smile to a face that could not harbor one. "You perhaps did not believe we would give you freedom?"

He stood impressively before Michael Cord. Around Stobel's office were seated the high officers. A guard carried an over-

coat. This was presently handed to Michael Cord, who, smiling grimly, put it on. "You will be taken to the French coast," Stobel said, "and there given a small boat with which to navigate the Channel." Once more, he tried to smile.

"Is that not a good present from us?" His thin lips parted. "Perhaps you will tell your accused English that we do keep our word?"

Michael Cord looked at the watch on Stobel's wrist. He felt a strange lightness in his body and it almost seemed as though his heart were singing. "Yes," he said, his eyes on the watch. "It is a wonderful present." He hesitated, then, a smile on his lips, said: "But it is the custom of we English to give gifts in return."

Stobel's eyes narrowed suspiciously. "What is this strange talk, Englishman?" His eyes searched Michael Cord's and then, suddenly he seemed to see into them as though the strange light in them had brought forth a picture. "No . . . no . . ." he cried hoarsely. His fear-filled eyes darted to the door. "You didn't. . . ?"

The mighty roar which reduced the Commandant's office and all its occupants to bits answered the question. Michael Cord had found a way to go home—the Englishman's way; a way that meant his own life when he advanced the time bomb mechanism ahead so that in fifteen minutes the bomb would go off!

the End

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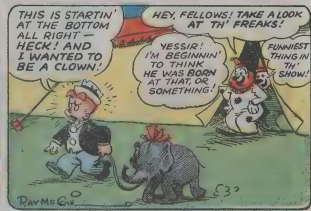
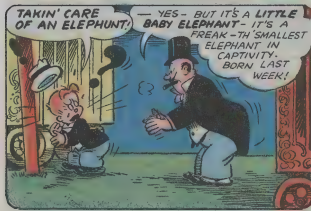
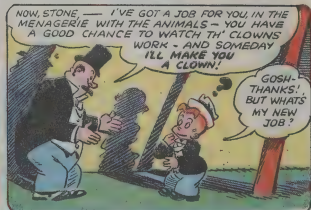
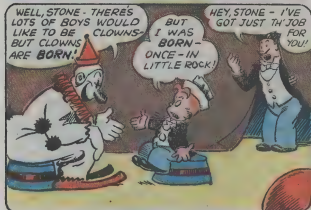
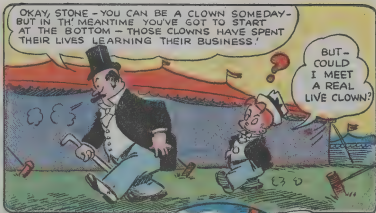
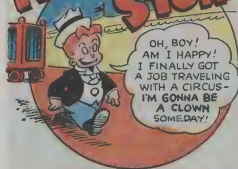


**AUTHENTIC ILLUSTRATIONS AND
DESCRIPTIONS OF 50 AMERICAN
ENGLISH and ENEMY PLANES**

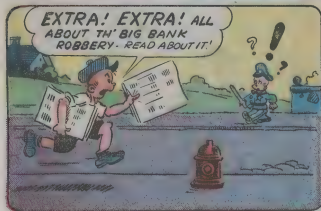
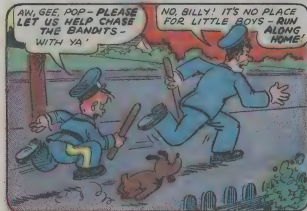
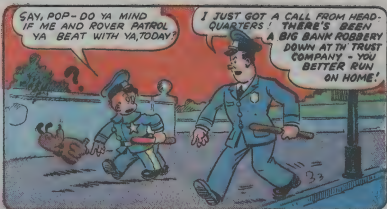
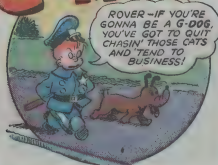
Based on official information from the U. S. Office of Civilian Defense.

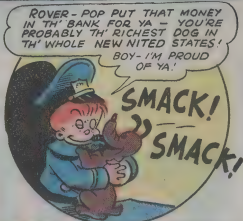
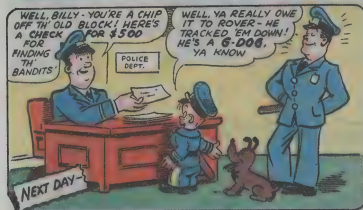
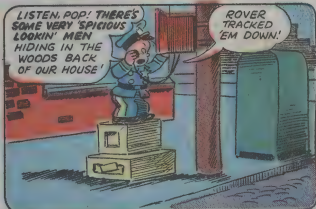
NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!

ROLLIN STONE

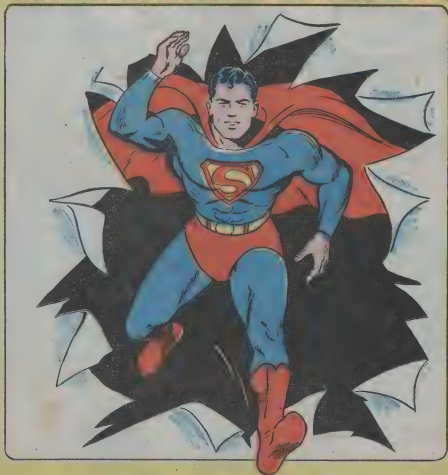


GEE MAN





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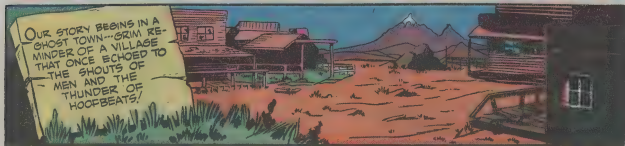
BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-

BOB
KANE

THEY ALL WANDERED INTO
THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE...
AN OLD PROSPECTOR...
AN ORPHANED YOUTH...A
HOMELESS COUPLE...AND A
DOCTOR TOO OLD TO SERVE
MAN. FORSAKEN FOLK,
WANTED BY NO ONE, THEY
REBUILT THIS RAMSHACKLE
COMMUNITY INTO...
SUNSHINE CITY!
BUT SUDDENLY DESCEND
THE MEN WITH THE SOULS OF
VULTURES OF HONEST LABOR...
AND THERE ARE DARK
DAYS IN SUNSHINE CITY
UNTIL THE MIGHTY BATMAN
SHOOPS DOWN FROM THE
SKIES TO FIGHT SIX-GUN
PERIL WHEN HE RUNS FOR
THE POST OF ---"THE
"SHERIFF OF GHOST TOWN!"

OUR STORY BEGINS IN A
GHOST TOWN---GRIM RE-
MINDER OF A VILLAGE
THAT ONCE ECHOED TO
THE SHOUTS OF
MEN AND THE
THUNDER OF
HOOFBEATS!



INTO THIS FORGOTTEN VILLAGE ONE DAY STRAY TWO DUSTY TRAVELERS---CACTUS TOM, AN OLD PROSPECTOR, AND YOUNG JOE JEFFERS, THE SON OF HIS DEAD FATHER

CACTUS TOM, WHY IS THIS TOWN DESERTED?

IT'S CITIZENS WERE CURSED WITH GOLD FEVER, LAD! WHEN THEY HEARD OF RICHER STRIKES ELSEWHERE, THEY LIT OUT AND NEVER CAME BACK!

THERE'S STILL SOME GOLD HEREABOUTS, SON WE'RE GETTLIN' DOWN TO MAKE A STAKE TO SEND YOU TO SCHOOL!

SCHOOL! AN---WELL---WHATEVER YOU SAY--

IN TIME A FAMILY DRIVEN FROM A DUST-BOWL FARM JOINS THE PAIR---

OUT OF GAS? SORRY--- WE AIN'T GOT NONE--- BUT WHY NOT START FARMIN' AGAIN HERE? THERE'S PLENTY OF GOOD LAND AND HOUSES GALORE!

BY GUM, I BELIEVE WE WILL! MY NAME'S SIMMONS---

A DOCTOR JOINS THE REBORN COMMUNITY---

I'M A DOCTOR, LOOKING FOR A PRACTICE -- TOO MANY YOUNGER DOCTORS WHERE I COME FROM!

A DOCTOR? GLORY BE! SIMMONS' WIFE IS SICK, AN! MY RHEUMATIZ IS SOMETHIN' FIERCE, AN!

IN WEEKS TO COME OTHER WAYFARERS SETTLE DOWN TO START LIFE ANEW---

PLENTY DOING IN THE CARPENTRY LINE---AN! AM I GLAD! HOW'RE YOU DOIN', BARBER?

NOT MUCH BUSINESS YET--- BUT I'LL COME!

GRATEFUL FOR THE PROSPERITY THAT HAS REWARDED THEIR LABORS THE EX-WANDERERS CHRISTEN THE NAMELESS TOWN---

MOST OF US WAS OLD FOLKS, WITH CLOUDS OVER US. TILL WE RAN INTO CLEAR SKIES HERE! SINCE YUH MADE ME MAYOR, MEBBE I KIN SUGGEST A NAME FER OUR TOWN! HOW 'BOUT SUNSHINE CITY?

SUNSHINE CITY IT IS!

HOORAY!

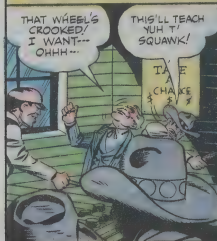
BUT EVEN AS THE GARDEN OF EDEN HAD ITS SERPENT--- INTO SUNSHINE CITY ONE DAY RIDES "FIVE ACES" FROGEL, GAMBLER AND CROOK, WITH SOME CRONIES--

TAKE A LOOK, BULLET! QUITE A BUSTLIN' LITTLE COMMUNITY WE GOT HERE!

AND READY FOR US TO TAKE OVER!

YEAH-- LET'S CALL IN THE REST OF THE BOYS, AN--

VIOLENCE FLARES---AND BLAZING GUNS AND FLASHING KNIVES TAKE A WANTON TOLL OF LIFE AS FROGEL'S FOLLOWERS POUR INTO TOWN!



THAT WHEEL'S CROOKED! I WANT--- OHHH---

THIS'LL TEACH YUH T' SQUAWK!



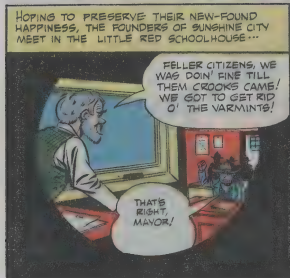
PLENTY GOLD DUST IN THESE SADDLE-BAGS!

OUGHTTA BE--- IT'S THE MONTHS OUTPUT OF THE WHOLE TOWN!



HURRY! MY HUSBAND! THEY'VE STABBED HIM!

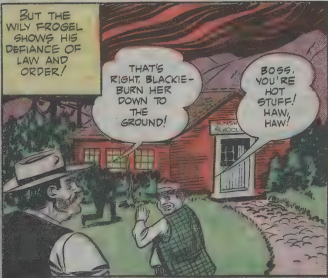
HE SHOULDA MINDED HIS OWN BUSINESS, LADY!



HOPING TO PRESERVE THEIR NEW-FOUND HAPPINESS, THE FOUNDERS OF SUNSHINE CITY MEET IN THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE---

FELLER CITIZENS, WE WAS DOIN' FINE TILL THEM CROOKS CAME! WE GOT TO GET RID O' THE VARMINTS!

THAT'S RIGHT, MAYOR!



BUT THE WILY FROGEL SHOWS HIS DEFIANCE OF LAW AND ORDER!

THAT'S RIGHT, BLACKIE-- BURN HER DOWN TO THE GROUND!

BOSS. YOU'RE HOT STUFF! HAW, HAW!

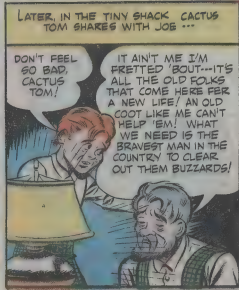


PRESENTLY----INSIDE THE SCHOOLHOUSE----

WE GOTTA GIT TO-GETHER, AN'---WHAT'S THIS?

FIRE!

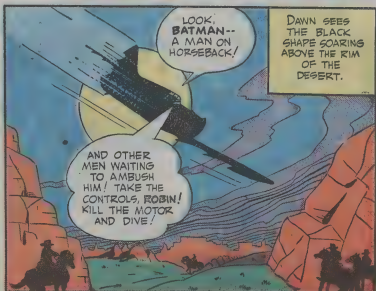
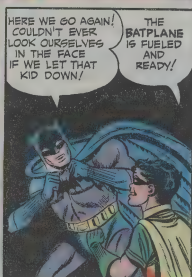
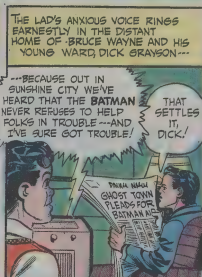
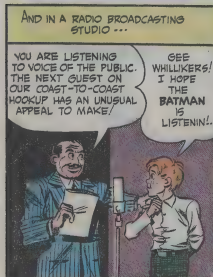
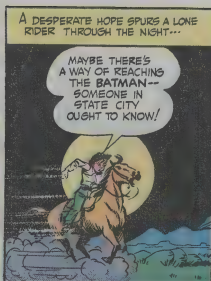
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!



LATER, IN THE TINY SHACK CACTUS TOM SHARES WITH JOE ---

DON'T FEEL SO BAD, CACTUS TOM!

IT AIN'T ME I'M PRETTED 'BOUT---IT'S ALL THE OLD FOLKS THAT COME HERE FER A NEW LIFE! AN OLD COOT LIKE ME CAN'T HELP 'EM! WHAT WE NEED IS THE BRAVEST MAN IN THE COUNTRY TO CLEAR OUT THEM BUZZARDS!



RETURNING HOME, YOUNG JOE IS UNPREPARED FOR THE SUDDEN CRACKLE OF OUTLAW SIX-SHOOTERS THAT BLAZE AT HIM FROM BEHIND...

GEE--WHILKERS... THEY'RE AFTER ME!

YOU WON'T MAKE US NO MORE TROUBLE, KID!

BUT AS SILENT WINGS SWOOP LOW, A VERY REAL "BOLT FROM THE BLUE" PLUMMETS INTO THE MIDST OF THE WOULD-BE KILLERS--THE BATMAN!

LET'S YOU WALK AND I RIDE!

WHA--? UGH!

I'M JUST A ROBIN! COWBOY, YIPPEE!

I'M SLIPPIN' ON!

AMID GRAY CLOUDS OF DUST, THE OUTLAWS HEAD FOR DISTANT PARTS---

BE SEEING YOU LADS LATER!

LET'S BEAT IT! THAT GUYS THE BATMAN!

GOLLY, MR. BATMAN...YOU SAVED MY LIFE!

THINK NOTHING OF IT, JOE --- FROM WHAT I HEAR, YOU'RE TRYING TO SAVE A TOWN!

HEART-WARMING CHEERS RING THRU THE AIR AS THE WORLD-FAMOUS DUO RIDES INTO SUNSHINE CITY!

THIS IS THE BIGGEST DAY OF MY LIFE!

WOORAY FOR THE BATMAN!

FOLKS, I NOMINATE THE BATMAN FOR SHERIFF!

AS SHERIFF, I'D HAVE THE LAW ON MY SIDE...

THANKS, CACTUS TOM!

THE BATMAN FOR SHERIFF!

BUT UNFRIENDLY EYES WATCH THE GALA SCENE FROM THE BALCONY OF FROGEL'S LADY LUCK SALOON---

SO THAT'S THE HIGH AND MIGHTY BATMAN! WE'LL SHOW HIM WE DON'T COUNT FER MUCH IN THESE PARTS, EH, BOYS?

LEAVE IT TO US, BOSS! WE'LL RUN YOU FER SHERIFF AN' BEAT HIM TO A FRAZZLE!

WILD EXCITEMENT MARKS THE ONE-DAY ELECTION CAMPAIGN---A PROLISOME RALLY SUCH AS NO GHOST TOWN HAS EVER SEEN!

THEY GOT PLENTY VOTES TO ELECT HIM!

DON'T WORRY! WE'LL FIX HIM--- LISTEN!

THE BATMAN FOR BETTER DAYS!

LATER---

LOOK OUT, BATMAN! DUCK!

---AND IF I AM ELECTED, I PROMISE ...

SHAME ON YOU, THROWING STONES BEHIND PEOPLE'S BACKS!

HALP!

WHAT-THANKS, ROBIN!

YOU GO RIGHT DOWN THERE AND APOLOGIZE!

SAVE ME!

SAVE YOU FOR WHAT? A RAINY DAY?

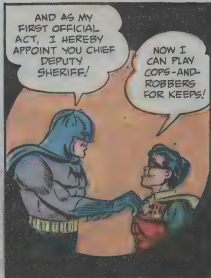
HERE'S A VOTE FOR YOU, FROGEL!

THAT GUY AIN'T HUMAN!

HAWK-EYED CITIZENS OF SUNSHINE CITY INSURE AN HONEST ELECTION!

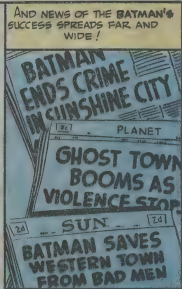
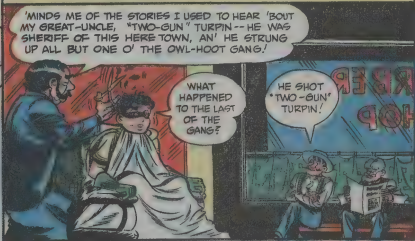
TRY TO STUFF THE BALLOT BOX, WILL YUH?

TSK! TSK! THAT'S ONE LESS VOTE FOR FROGEL!



THIS BEGINS A NEW ERA OF PEACE FOR SUNSHINE CITY--

AN ERA IN WHICH OLD-TIMERS RECALL FAMOUS PEACE-MAKERS OF BYGONE DAYS---



FINALLY...

SELLER CITIZENS, OUR NEIGHBORIN' TOWN HAS AGREED T' LEND US MONEY FER STREETS AN' REAL ELECTRIC LIGHTS. NOW WE'LL GIT T' BE A REAL CITY. THANKS TO OUR NEW SHERIFF!

YIPPEE! PROSPERITY IS ON THE WAY!

THE TOWN BUZZES WITH PLANS OF A GRAND CELEBRATION--

CACTUS TOM IS A-GON' TO BRING THE MONEY FROM GILA GULCH IN A STAGECOACH!

THE WHOLE TOWN'S GONNA DRESS UP IN OLD-TIME COSTUMES!

IT'LL BE JUST LIKE FRONTIER DANCE!

WHILE IN THE HEART OF THE BADLANDS, OTHERS DISCUSS THE COMING EVENT WITH DEEP INTEREST-- KNOWN OUTLAWS, WHO FLED THE CITY WHEN THE BATMAN AND ROBIN TOOK OFFICE!

IMAGINE AN OLD GALLOOT LIKE CACTUS TOM DRIVIN' THOUSANDS O' DOLLARS ACROSS THE DESERT IN A STAGECOACH!

WE DON'T HAVE TO IMAGINE IT, BLACKIE- WE'LL BE RIGHT ON HAND TO SEE IT!

AN' WITH OUR SHOOTIN' IRONS READY!

AS THE GREAT DAY DAWNS...

YOU'RE RIDING THE COACH WITH CACTUS TOM, DEPUTY! REMEMBER, THE GUN'S JUST FOR SHOW! AND THE CARTRIDGES ARE BLANKS!

JUST PART OF THE MASQUERADE, EH, BATMAN---I MEAN CHIEF!

THAT MORNING'S SUN SHINES UPON SUCH A PICTURESQUE SIGHT AS THE DESERT HAS NOT SEEN IN HALF A CENTURY....

FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS! MY BIGGEST STRIKE ---AN' ALL FER SUNSHINE CITY!

I ALWAYS WANTED TO RIDE ON ONE OF THESE!

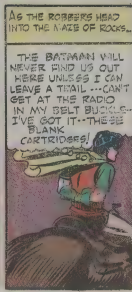
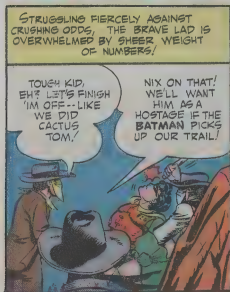
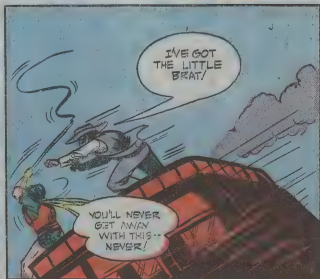
'FORE THE BATMAN CAME, WE WOULDN'T DARE CART MONEY AROUND LIKE THIS!

IT'S SAFE ENOUGH NOW, SINCE PROBELUS PAID US OUT FER OTHER PARTS!

SAFE! LET'S LOOK AHEAD-- TO WHERE THE ANCIENT COACH'S PATH TWISTS BETWEEN STEEP WALLS OF ROCK!

WE'RE REALLY HELPIN' 'EM WITH THEIR SHOW-- THIS IS LIKE THE OLD DAYS, TOO!

GIT READY, BOYS! I KIN HEAR 'EM!



CAUTIOUSLY, ONE BY ONE, ROBIN WORKS THE CARTRIDGES FREE OF THE BELT LOOPS, LEAVING A SHINING TRAIL THAT PASSES UNNOTICED BY HIS CAPTORS--

WHEN WE GIT READY T'HIT THE TRAIL KID, WE'LL STAKE YUH OUT FER THE BUZZARDS T'EAT!

MEANWHILE, BACK IN SUNSHINE CITY, THE DESCENDANTS OF GUN-FIGHTING PIONEERS HAVE DECKED THEMSELVES OUT TO RESEMBLE THEIR FAMOUS ANCESTORS--

RECKON I LOOK LIKE JEST ABOUT AS TOUGH AS MY GREAT-UNCLE, TWO-GUN TURPIN, WHO WIPED OUT THE OWL-HOOT GANG!

YOU MEAN, ALL BUT THE ONE WHO WIPED HIM OUT!

ME, I RECKON I'D MAKE AS GOOD A PEACE OFFICER AS MY GRANDPOP, 'DEAD-EYE' DANVERS!

HAIL TO CACTUS TOM THE BATMAN AND ROBIN IN SUNSHINE CITY--

A RUMBLE OF WHEELS, A DRUMMING OF HOOF--AND THE STAGS COACH COMES INTO VIEW, RACING AHEAD OF A CLOUD OF ALKALI DUST!

SOMETHING WRONGS--ONE OF THEM'S LYING DOWN--AND ROBIN IS MISSING!

HERE THEY COME! LET'S GIVE OLD CACTUS TOM A SIX-GUN SALUTE!

THE MERRYMAKERS FALL SILENT AS THE STUNNING NEWS OF THE TRAGEDY REACHES THEM--

BANDITS! THEY KILLED TOM--WOUNDED ME--KIDNAPPED ROBIN AN' GOT AWAY WITH THE MONEY!

WHERE DID IT HAPPEN? WHICH WAY DID THEY GO?

SWIFTLY THEIR HOLIDAY MOOD CHANGES TO ONE OF BLACK FURY--

GET THE MURDERERS WHO KILLED OLD CACTUS TOM! WE'LL ORGANIZE A POSSE!

A POSSE IS WHAT I NEED-- BUT I CAN'T LEAD THESE OLD MEN OUT AGAINST ARMED KILLERS--

I'M GOING AFTER THEM--ALONE! THOSE BANDITS ARE DANGEROUS! THEY'LL BE HIDDEN IN THE HILLS, WHERE THEY'LL BE HARD TO GET AT! YOU'VE ELECTED ME SHERIFF, AND IT'S MY JOB!

BUT A MIRACLE SEEMS TO HAVE TRANSFORMED THE OLD-TIMERS--AS IF THE SPIRIT OF THEIR FIGHTING ANCESTORS HAS COME TO LIFE WITHIN THEM.

I'M A WEARIN' TWO-GUN TURPIN'S BOOTS--AND THEY'RE A-GOIN' T' TAKE ME AFTER THEM VARMITS, SHERIFF!

THERE'S A GOOD FIGHT LEFT IN ME, TOO! DON'T FERGIT, 'DEAD-EYE' DANVERS! WAS MY GRANDPOP!

MEN, I APOLOGIZE!
FOR A MINUTE I
FORGOT THAT AN
OUNCE OF FIGHTING
SPIRIT IS WORTH
A TON OF MUSCLE!
LET'S HIT THE
TRAIL!



A WEIRD POSSE
OF GRAY-BEARDS AND
OLD-TIMERS GALLOPS
ACROSS THE
BURNING SANDS...



WE'RE ALMOST
AT THE SPOT
WHERE IT
HAPPENED!

WE'LL PAY 'EM
BACK FER WHAT
THEY DONE TO
CACTUS TOM!

THEIR
HOSSES DIDN'T
LEAVE NO
TRAIL ON
THESE
ROCKS...



BUT ROBIN DID!
THIS IS A
BLANK CARTRIDGE...
THE KIND HE
CARRIED, AND
THERE'S ANOTHER
FARTHER ON!

THE AGED POSSESMEN TRACE
THE BANDIT TRAIL---

WE'D NEVER
FOUND THE
WAY IF THE
YOUNGSTER
HADN'T BEEN
SMART!

QUIET,
MEN...
WE'RE
NEARING
OUR
QUARRY!



AND AT THE STAGE-ROBBERS'
STRONGHOLD---

WE'RE SITTI'
PRETTY! EVEN
IF THE BATMAN
FOUND US,
WHAT COULD
HE DO?

YUH LEEITL
LIZARD--I'LL
FIX YUH!

HE COULD
DO PLENTY!
ASK
BULLET...



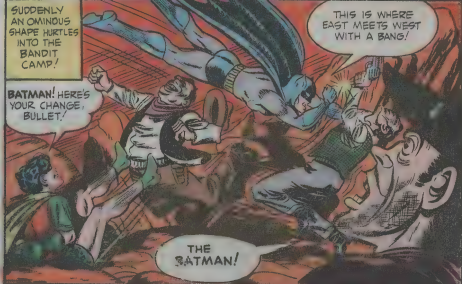
THIS IS
JUST
A DOWN
PAYMENT!

YOU
WOULDN'T
DARE DO
THAT IF MY
HANDS
WEREN'T
TIED!



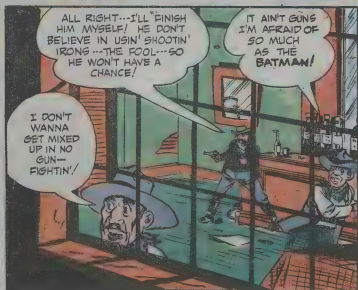
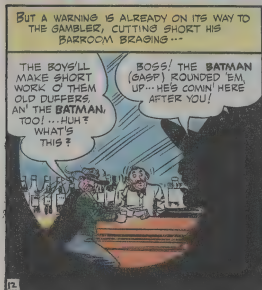
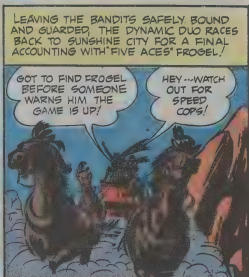
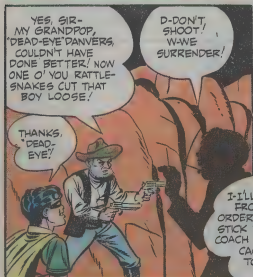
SUDDENLY
AN OMINOUS
SHAPE HURTTLES
INTO THE
BANDIT
CAMP!

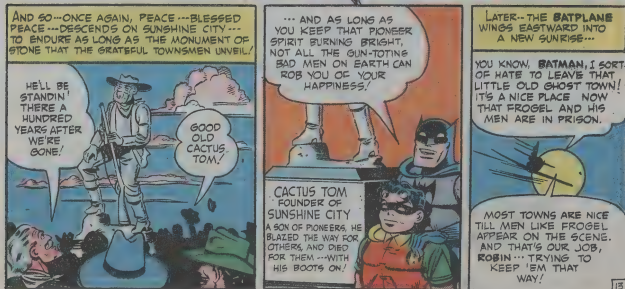
BATMAN! HERE'S
YOUR CHANGE,
BULLET!

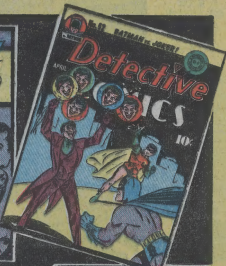


THIS IS WHERE
EAST MEETS WEST
WITH A BANG!

THE
BATMAN!





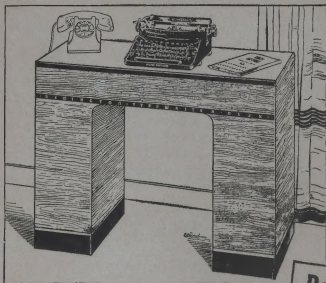


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WITH ANY

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City State

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